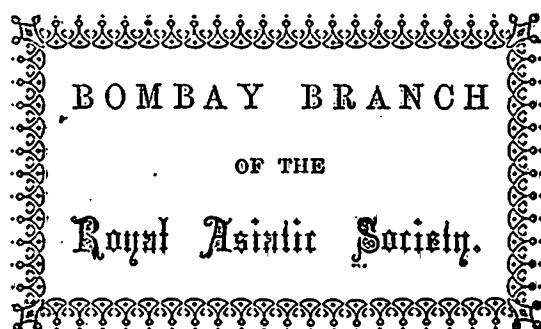




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BY THE

AUTHOR OF INDIAN ANTIQUITIES.



LONDON:

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TO

HENRY THORNTON, ESQ.

THESE MORE SELECT POEMS,

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF HIS GENEROUS
PATRONAGE

OF

THE INDIAN HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES,

ARE RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS OBLIGED

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THOMAS MAURICE.

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THE
C R I S I S:

A P O E M,

ADDRESSED TO THE

Right Hon. WILLIAM PITT,

On the threatened Invasion of these Kingdoms,

by the French, in A. D. 1798.

THE
C R I S I S.

OH! THOU, whose laurels, through each circling year,
As long as Time rolls on his vast career,
While public virtue fires th'admiring soul,
Or Genius awes it with her strong control,
Shall brighter bloom, — Britannia's early pride,
Whose talents charm her, and whose counsels guide:
If the dark storms, that still o'er Europe lower,
For letter'd ease allow one transient hour;
If yet thy soul the heaven-born muse delight,
Sublime, of potent voice and eagle-flight,
When, fir'd in virtue's cause, she pours along
The thund'ring torrent of Tyrtæan song:
Immortal son of an immortal sire,
To thee that muse awakes the patriot lyre.

For others let the fragrant incense burn,
Wafted from adulation's flaming urn;
Unaw'd by menaces, unwarp'd by praise,
Proud sterling virtue seeks no borrow'd bays;

While Genius, tow'ring on its throne of light,
 Shines, in its own transcendent lustre, bright;
 The flame it feels through kindred bosoms spreads,
 And wide the intellectual radiance sheds,
 As yon bright orb that lights the distant pole,
 And warms the glitt'ring spheres that round it roll,
 Exhaustless, flames with undiminish'd beam,
 Nor misses from its fount th'immortal stream.

Glowing in youth with freedom's holy fire,
 Arm'd with the spirit of thy dauntless sire,
 Exulting Britain call'd thee to the helm,
 And hail'd thee Guardian of the sinking realm:
 Taught thee to grasp the bolt that father hurl'd,
 Her own dread bolt that awes the subject world;
 At the fierce Gaul th'avenging shaft to aim,
 And blast her foes with its devouring flame.
 When o'er her late the black'ning tempest spread,
 Threat'ning to burst on her devoted head;
 When Faction wav'd on high her flaming brand,
 And lawless uproar rag'd around the land;
 While ruffian bands combin'd to trample down
 Her ruined altars and her plunder'd crown;
 In that dread CRISIS of her darkest hour
 How nobly did thy daring genius tow'r!
 Well skill'd Britannia's stately bark to guide,
 Thou steer'dst her safely through the boist'rous tide;
 The madness of the raging billows brav'd,
 And with thy powerful arm an empire sav'd:
 Firm as the rocks that gird her sea-beat shore,
 While round their base the deaf'ning surges roar.

Let

Let the ferocious Gaul, with blood defil'd,
 Stalk the first savage of the boundless wild;
 With bold impiety his God blaspheme,
 And brand religion as the bigot's dream:
 Let him, too faithful to his barb'rous creed,
 And from the burning goad of conscience freed,
 Rend all the sacred moral ties that bind,
 In chains of social intercourse, mankind;
 With fire and sword the ravag'd globe deface,
 The scourge and horror of the human race:
 While the dire guillotine in secret gleams,
 'Mid beauty's piercing shrieks and infant screams;
 And countless victims, in the whelming wave
 Plung'd headlong, make the frightened Soane their grave.
 But Britons, faithful to the altar's fire,
 Oh! still, with fervent zeal, to heav'n aspire:
 Close by that altar tow'rs a shrine sublime,
 Whose adamant defies the rage of time,
 To Liberty, that shrine your fathers rais'd,
 And, while the radiant flame of incense blaz'd,
 And, while they clash'd aloft the brandish'd sword,
 To heav'ns high throne their ardent vows they pour'd;
 Ceaseless to watch those sacred fires they swore,
 To Freedom burning on her favourite shore;
 And, with the noblest blood that warm'd their veins,
 From insult guard Religion's hallow'd fanes.
 Ever may Britons at those altars bend,
 And with the Patriot's fire the Christian's blend;
 Alike for virtue as for freedom glow,
 And burst in vengeance on the ruffian foe,
 Who, with envenom'd rage, those shrines surround,
 Altars and thrones would level with the ground,

And

And on their smoking ruins rear on high
 Far diff'rent fanes to brave th'insulted sky;
 Fanes where dark Hecat', with her rav'ning brood,
 Shall nightly quaff rich streams of infant blood;
 Atheists their Maker curse; dire murderers yell;
 And licens'd dæmons act the rites of hell!
 Oh! born the guardian of our sinking state,
 Born to snatch Europe from the jaws of fate,
 With firmness, PITT, undaunted, persevere,
 While righteous heav'n applauds and men revere;
 From Usurpation wrest her ill-got pow'r,
 Chain down her vultures, burning to devour;
 Bid Liberty the toiling slave illumine,
 And chase the horrors of the dungeon's gloom.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear;
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
 Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

Spirit of ROBESPIERRE! that lov'st to rove
 The deathful cavern and funereal grove,
 What wide destruction hath thy fury hurl'd,
 How thinn'd the nations of the ravag'd world?
 And thou, whose sable pinions, wide outspread,
 O'er all the west Cimmerian darkness shed,
 Known by thy phrenzy'd eye, thy blood-stain'd vest,
 The Gorgon horrors gleaming on thy crest,
 DEMOCRACY! than whom no direr fiend
 Did e'er from hell's deep glooms to earth ascend:
 Oh! gender'd when primæval darkness reign'd,
 And lawless anarchy her throne maintain'd;

That

That lov'st to mount the rapid whirlwind's wing,
 And hear the savage midnight tempest sing;
 Or, basking in the lightning's fearful blaze,
 On the wreck'd globe to dart thy raptur'd gaze,
 On burning towns and palaces o'erthrown,
 And hear'st, unmoved, expiring nature groan;
 Dragg'd to thine altars, what a countless throng,
 Slaughter'd like beasts, the shriek of death prolong!
 Nor these of vulgar fame, or humble birth,
 But of the noblest line, the proudest worth;
 All that in virtue, talents, genius, shine,
 Swell the dire carnage round thy gory shrine!
 Or, urg'd by savage tenderness to save
 From the dire horrors of an instant grave,
 What ling'ring tortures shall the wretch await,
 How black around him rolls the storm of fate;
 Torn from the darling child and beauteous wife,
 In scorch'd CAYENNE to waste the bloom of life;
 Condemn'd beneath a tropic sun to toil,
 Delve the dark mine, or plough the burning soil.
 Infuriate fiend! at length thy wrath suspend,
 Or to the Lybian waste thy footsteps bend,
 On kindred tigers spend thy murd'rous rage,
 But cease with man eternal war to wage!

How wide the sanguine deluge rolls around,
 How deep its stains Italia's fertile bound!
 Reflection shudders, while, before mine eyes,
 Such scenes of black progressive horror rise:
 Latium! I see thy butcher'd sons expire,
 Thy temples blaze in sacrilegious fire;

Infuriate bursting on thy sultry shores,
 All the red phials of his vengeance pours.
 Ye wretched offspring of a race renown'd,
 For arts, for arms, to earth's remotest bound;
 Who gave to raptur'd Greece her lore sublime,
 And roll'd their thunder through each distant clime;
 Why, when auspicious Sirius' rising beam
 Calls, from his mountains, Nile's redundant stream,
 Why, as in gladden'd Egypt's antient day,
 Exalt ye not the loud exulting lay?
 O'er Cairo's lofty tow'rs does famine spread
 Her brooding wing, and heap her streets with dead,
 Or, bursting Ethiopia's sultry bound,
 Stalks the dark pestilence his nightly round,
 A direr scourge than famine's vulture fangs,
 Or baleful pestilence, o'er Egypt hangs!
 Along her Nile what frantic shrieks resound
 Of myriads plunging in her bed profound;—
 The crowded city, the sequester'd shade,
 Alike the human cannibals invade;
 Through Cairo's streets rolls down the crimson wave,
 And Egypt, to her sons, is one vast grave.

Rise, swarthy hosts, in all the dreadful ire
 Which nature and your torrid clime inspire!
 Fierce as the wounded tiger scow'rs the plain,
 Or baited lions, when they burst the chain,
 Rush, rush in fury, on the blood-stain'd foe,
 Bear high the sabre, and strike deep the blow!
 But, when those vanquished foes shall roll in dust,
 And own, repentant, heaven's high vengeance just;

To bathe your swords in fruitless blood forbear,
 Tell them that *Afric's savage hordes can spare*.
 Though your usurping lords no mercy shew'd,
 When Alexandria's streets with blood o'erflow'd,
 Restrain your vengeance, check the crimson tide,
And yield that mercy to her sons denied.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear;
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
 Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

Let base Batavia bow the stubborn neck,
 And ravag'd Belgium tremble at his beck;
 Let vanquish'd Spain in tears of blood bemoan
 Her haughty spirit broke, and trampled throne;
 Again let Prussia's perjur'd lord be sold,
 And barter royal faith for Gallic gold;
 While Austria, panting to divide the spoil,
 Yields, for a slip of Latium's plunde'rd soil,
 What all the gems, that drink the solar ray
 Deep in Golconda's mines, can ne'er repay,
 Th'eternal right which sov'reign nations claim
 Gluts the gorg'd fœd, and feeds devouring flame,
 A flame that soon his empire shall consume,
 And turn his smoking palace to a tomb.
 But, oh! shall Britons, whose exalted name
 Shines brightest on the dazzling roll of fame,
 Shall the bold sons of freedom and the waves
 Shrink at the nod of Gaul's imperious slaves?
 A race for dark insidious wiles renown'd,
 And damning perfidies, through Europe's bound;

Who

Who boast to liberate enslav'd mankind,
 Then the gull'd fools in *chains eternal* bind ;
 Like JUDAS, the betraying *kiss* impart,
 Clasp in their arms, then stab you to the heart ;
 Shall these rule Britons? First, ye lightnings, sweep
 Yon blasted cliffs, and whelm them in the deep.
 Inspired with dark mistrust and jealous hate,
 They vow extinction to each neighb'ring state ;
 While their dire myrmidons, through distant lands,
 Spread their curst creed and hurl their flaming brands,
 Till civil torches light them on their way,
 And hosts resistless seize th'unguarded prey.

Shall yon hoar deep in vain your coasts divide ?
 Britons, beware ! nor pass the bounding tide ;
 Heav'n girt your island with the barrier sea,
 Rent you from guilty Gaul, and said, **BE FREE!**
 Oh ! while one spark of British fire remains,
 And life's warm current circles in your veins,
 True to the charge which God and Nature gave,
 View, as a wall of brass, that rampire wave.

When Freedom's dauntless bands the trumpet
 sound,
 How, Britons, do your ardent pulses bound !
 Or, when on high her radiant banners wave,
 Who readier rush a thousand deaths to brave ?
 What bosom glow'd not when the galling yoke
 Of tyrant pow'r your haughty rival broke ?
 But, when with royal blood her hand she stain'd,
 The trampled altars of her God profan'd ;

When, with dire lust of wild ambition fir'd,
 To rule the globe her frantic aim aspir'd;
 In boundless massacre her sword imbru'd
 In fetters binding whom her arms subdu'd;
 With Gothic transport, to her faithless shore
 Th'enormous spoil of plunder'd Europe bore;
 When, with the wasteful tiger's savage bound,
 She dash'd Rome's peaceful eagles to the ground,
 And left her sons thcir antient boast to mourn,
 From the proud capitol remorseless torn;
 Who but with gen'rous indignation burn'd,
 And from the hideous fiend abhorrent turn'd?
 In vain, fair Liberty, she vaunts thy fires,
 No ray of thine her vulture sons inspires;
 Tyrants, or cringing slaves, through ev'ry age,
 With Liberty unceasing war they wage.
 Whate'er her alter'd style, or boasted name,
 Trust me perfidious Gaul is still the same.
 Ask base Batavia what sublime reward,
 For perjur'd faith, her sordid sons have shar'd?
 What boon for Austria's gentler yoke disdain'd,
 Save fines and stripes, hath ransack'd Belgium gain'd?
 Who, direr far than all the brooding storms
 Whose rage Helvetia's wintry sky deforms,
 Have flames and ravage through her vallies pour'd,
 And all the horrors of the slaught'ring sword;
 With sounding promises her chiefs beguil'd,
 Then, basely, of their dearest rights despoil'd!
 Those rights so highly priz'd, so dearly bought,
 For which in blood their valiant fathers fought;
 Who to her yoke would freed Columbia bend,
 Who from her brow the dear-earn'd laurel rend;

That

That sceptre, which she boasts her BOURBON gave,
Would dash to earth and crush the humbled slave.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear :
In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

But, are there dastards so deprav'd and base
To pant for Peace with this detested race!
Go, bid the everlasting flame *descend*;
With Neptune's waters strive that flame to blend;
Bid hungry tigers, prowling wild for food,
Crouch with the tameness of the fleecy brood ;
When Vanquish'd Nature thus thy skill shall bend,
Then hope to make perfidious Gaul thy friend!
For ages who hath join'd each daring foe,
That aim'd thy tow'ring greatness to o'erthrow;
Beneath her yoke thy stubborn neck to bend,
And from thy grasp the ocean's sceptre rend;
Of civil discord who the flames have fann'd,
When mad rebellion rag'd around the land ;
Who fir'd her torches on Columbia's shore,
And from its parent stock an empire tore.
What though no soft seductive arts ye boast,
Rough like your native clime, and rugged coast,
Ye glory in the nobler arts of truth,
And manlier passions fire your vig'rous youth;
High beat their breasts with thirst of nobler fame,
Warm with unsullied Honour's vestal flame,
Virtue is theirs, the substance, not the show,
And theirs, fair Freedom! theirs thy genuine glow;
Courage

Courage, in battle, like the bolt of Jove,
 In victory gentle as the shaft of love !
 These are your bulwark ; and, when these shall fall,
 Britain shall crouch the abject slave of Gaul.

Have you forgotten Cressy's glorious field,
 Where the black EDWARD rais'd th'unconquer'd shield ;
 Singly her whole embodied pow'r withstood,
 And rush'd to glory through a sea of blood ?
 In vain three sov'reign's, brave in arms, display
 The gorgeous ensigns of imperial sway ;
 Dreadful, as raging storm or wasting fire,
 The dauntless son of an undaunted sire
 Impetuous thunders through the myriad band,
 Strikes the bright sceptre from the palsied hand,
 The lofty ostrich from Bohemia tears,
 And bids it grace Britannia's princely heirs,

Does Poictier's day no rapt'rous thrill afford,
 Where, with still loftier wing, his genius soar'd ;
 When Glory's self his conqu'ring legions led,
 And with three crowns adorn'd his laurel'd head.
 Sublimely borne, and blazing through the sky,
 Before him see her banner'd pageants fly ;
 See at his feet her captive monarch bow,
 And wail the jewels ravish'd from his brow !

An army with the pangs of famine torn,
 With wasting flux, and lengthen'd vigils worn,
 When Agincourt its iron front display'd,
 With no base fears great HENRY's soul dismay'd.

Like

Like raging lions bursting from their toils,
 While Glory holds aloft the dazzling spoils,
 From ardent valour snatching health's bright glow,
 His furious bands rush headlong on the foe,
 Beat down the tow'ring helm, the threat'ning lance,
 And lay in dust th'aspiring pride of France.,
 As down th'historic page the wond'ring Muse,
 Through rolling years, the brilliant theme pursues ;
 A thousand Agincourts in glory rise,
 A thousand HENRYS stalk before my eyes,
 A thousand EDWARDS, bursting from the shades,
 Toss their proud plumes, and wave their gleaming
 blades.

Britons, the CRISIS of your fate draws near,
 Exalt your standards, grasp th'avenging spear;
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
 Be firm, and brave the pow'rs of earth combin'd.

But, oh Britannia ! what immortal strain
 Shall paint thy triumphs on the boundless main ;
 Who sing the heroes that, from age to age,
 Through ev'ry clime have bid thy thunder rage ;
 " From burning realms, where southern deeps resound,"
 To where eternal frosts the pole surround !
 Who shall thy HOWARD's deathless feats recite,
 Thy fearless DRAKE's, invincible in fight ?
 Whose valour, with the storms of heav'n combin'd,
 The proud Armada to the depths consign'd !
 To ardent glory's noblest fires awake,
 What terrors could appal the soul of BLAKE ?

When

When, on the Belgic chief, that dar'd to *sweep*,
 With high-suspended broom, th'insulted deep,
 Furious he rush'd; and tore, indignant, down,
 The barb'rous emblem of usurp'd renown;
 Then, driving o'er the surge the routed foe,
Swept the proud vaunter to the gulfs below.

Far distant on the vast Atlantic main,
 To check the ravages of hostile Spain,
 Skilful as brave, along a dread-fraught coast,*
 Pocock to vict'ry leads a gallant host:
 Condemn'd to perish on a barb'rous strand,
 Pale round his vessels glides a specter'd band;
 And oft before his midnight couch they rise,
 Flames in their hands, and lightning in their eyes,
 Revenge, they shout, and, towards Havannah's spires,
 Wave their red arms, and point their hostile fires.

'Mid threat'ning rocks, and waves in mountains
 roll'd,
 Great HAWKE, contending with the storm, behold!
 Nor rocks, nor roaring surge, nor madd'ning wind,
 From its firm centre shake his steadfast mind;
 On fate's tremendous verge the line he forms,
 To France more dreadful than a thousand storms,
 Bids, through a night of clouds, the fleet advance,
 And hostile fires illumine the dark expanse.

* Alluding to the celebrated passage happily effected by this gallant Admiral, with a fleet of near two hundred sail, through the old Straits of Bahama, an enterprise scarcely ever equalled in point of courage or of danger.

In vain their broken line the Gàuls oppose,
 While, as the furious conflict fiercer glows,
 The British cannon raging, tier o'er tier,
 Flame on their van, and thunder on their rear.
 Wild as the whirlwinds, that impetuous sweep
 The raging surface of the troubled deep,
 The Gallic vessels o'er the surge are foss'd,
 Or swell the pomp of Britain's victor host!
 'Twas then, while heav'n with angry tempests lower'd,
 And victory on HAWKE's proud standard tower'd,
 'Twas then from heav'n, the brilliant deed to crown,
 Britannia's angel rush'd in light'ning down,
 From France her naval wreath for ever tore,
 And stamp'd to dust on Biscay's stormy shore!

If, urg'd by rage, and furious from despair,
 Again her baffled fleets the ocean dare,
 Terrific, Neptune, on thy billowy field,
 The lion HOWE shall Britain's vengeance wield;
 Or RODNEY, dreadful in her kindled ire,
 Rain on those fleets a storm of liquid fire.
 While, far remote, in India's sultry sky,
 CORNWALLIS bids her flag triumphant fly;
 And, by her BARRINGTON resistless hurl'd,
 Albion's deep thunder shakes the western world.

Sublimely thron'd on Vincent's rocky height,
 Hark! Glory, from her shrine of circling light,
 Loud hails her JERVIS, on th'Iberian main,
 Resistless bursting through the line of Spain!
 Ardent to gain the wreath that RUSSEL crown'd,
 And brave BOSCAWEN's vet'ran temples bound,

Reckless of storms, behold intrepid HOOD
 Plough, with unwearied toil, the briny flood ;
 In all their ports the skulking foe he braves,
 And burns to plunge him in the whelming waves !
 Last, but not humblest, on the roll of fame,
 With nerve of adamant, with soul of flame,
 See fearless DUNCAN, ranging undismay'd
 Belgium's dire shore, with death and peril spread,
 And rush, regardless of impending doom,
 Where ev'ry billow yawns—a wat'ry tomb !
 Though ruin hover in a thousand forms,
 Resolv'd, Batavia's marshall'd fleet he storms ;
 Tremendous on the foe his vengeance falls,
 And thick around descend the rattling balls.
 Retreat is vain ; behind the breakers roar,
 While Britain's wasteful thunders urge before ;
 The doubling game the dauntless Scot pursues,
 And, in the jaws of death, the fight renews ;
 Aloft in air her tatter'd standards fly,
 Low bends the stately mast that pierc'd the sky ;
 Devouring flames consume the glowing deck,
 And a third navy floats—a boundless wreck !
 Gaul views, enrag'd, her strongest prop o'erthrown,
 And into air her daring projects blown.
 Rage, baffled Gaul ! for thus, ere yonder sun
 Thrice his bright journey round the zodiac run,
 In black disgrace shall all thy triumphs end,
 And all thy tow'ring pride in *smoke* ascend.
 The injur'd object of thy jealous hate
 Hurls at thy impious head the bolt of fate ;
 On outrag'd heav'n's and man's determin'd foe
 Slow, but resistless, rolls the fatal blow !

Ye myriads, whom her direful thirst of blood
 Plung'd in the rapid Rhone's empurpled flood,
 Or from the cannon's rending mouth consign'd,
 In mangled fragments, to the blasting wind;
 All whom dire ROBESPIERRE'S unsparing rage
 Crush'd in the blooming vigour of your age;
 Or, by succeeding Molochs dragg'd to death,
 Who, deep in dungeons, drank infection's breath;
 All who by hunger's pangs, to madness fir'd,
 On your own sabre's guiltless edge expir'd,
 Or, to avoid unnumber'd horrors, quaff'd,
 With pale and quivering lips, th'empoison'd draught;
 Shout from the grave! — in your, in nature's, cause,
 Th'avenging sword insulted Britain draws!
 See her bright ensigns blaze from shore to shore,
 See her bold offspring round those ensigns pour;
 Her antient Nobles, warm with all the fires
 That burn'd at Cressy in their daring sires;
 Her valiant Knights, whose streaming banners show
 Their blazon'd triumphs o'er the haughty foe;
 Her gen'rous Merchants, fam'd through ev'ry clime,
 Of spotless faith and dauntless soul sublime,
 Whose flags, through many a distant sea unfurl'd,
 Uphold the commerce of the ravag'd world;
 In social bands remotest nations join,
 Chill'd at the Pole, or scorch'd beneath the Line;
 Patriots to virtue dear, for freedom bold,
 Who Honour still their proudest treasure hold;
 Her Peasants, glowing with a Briton's zeal,
 Whose loyal hearts are *oak*, whose sinews *steel*;
 All ranks, all ages, feel the high alarms,
 At Glory's call, impatient, rush to arms;

Ardent to meet a foe their souls disdain,
 Conqu'rors on shore; and sov'reigns on the main !

To victory rush on, ye dauntless bands,
 The fate of Europe trembles in your hands !
 Oh! still for Glory pant, for Britain burn,
 Nor to the sheath th'avenging blade return
 Till Liberty her trampled rights regain,
 Till Justice re-assume her antient reign,
 Till vanquish'd Gaul in blood her crimes bemoan,
 And heav'ns avenging arm repentant own;
 Or, in the chains she forg'd for Europe bound,
 Spend her vain rage and prostrate bite the ground!

Britons, the CRISIS of *her* fate draws near,
Advance your standards, *launch* th'avenging spear;
 In radiant arms indissolubly join'd,
 Your firmness hath subdued the world combin'd !



AN
ELEGIAC
AND
HISTORICAL POEM,
SACRED TO
The MEMORY and VIRTUES
OF THE
Honourable SIR WILLIAM JONES.
CONTAINING
A RETROSPECTIVE SURVEY
OF THE PROGRESS OF SCIENCE AND THE
MOHAMMEDAN CONQUESTS
IN ASIA.

ARGUMENT.

General introductory reflections suited to the subject ; and considering DEATH, according to the Indian Hypothesis, as only inducing a change of being, and opening new scenes for philosophical research into the ample volume of Nature. Astronomical investigations, a favourite line of science with the deceased, specified as probably affording to the liberated soul the sublimest species of delight. The GENIUS OF ANTIENT ASIA descends. — The distinguishing features of her character, virtue, valour, generosity, contrasted with those of the GENIUS OF MODERN ASIA, vice, cowardice, cruelty. — She pronounces the eulogium of her favourite, and traces the progress of Eastern science, according to the arrangement of his own dissertations before the Asiatic Society. — From Persia, as a centre, taking the term in an extended point of view, so as also to include the western parts of Mount Taurus, where the Noachide first settled, the arts were diffused through Assyria, Phœnicia, India, Egypt, Carthage, Greece, and the Roman Empire. — The horrors of the MOHAMMEDAN IRRUPTION in the seventh century depicted, and the character of the first propagators of ISLANISM in Asia described

described as fatal to the sciences; afterwards, relaxing from their sanguinary fury, their descendants became, throughout the East, the patrons and promoters of the arts. — The particular and successive invaders of India enumerated, and their respective characters delineated; — MAHMUD of Gazna, — GENGIS, — TIMUR, — SHAHROCK, — ULUG BEG, — BABER, — the Mogul dynasty of India, — AKBER, — AURUNZEBE. — The decline of that dynasty. — The irruption of NADIR SHAH, — of ABDOLLAH. — The subversion of the Mogul empire. — The horrid excesses and barbarity of the succeeding period. — Freedom and Science revive at Benares, under the auspices of the English. — India principally indebted for the regeneration of the latter to the spirited and extensive plans of Sir WILLIAM JONES to promote and diffuse it. — His character and accomplishments as a man and as a scholar; as a man, distinguished by active piety and an ardent love of liberty; as a scholar, more particularly eminent for his attainments in astronomy, chronology, antiquities, languages, music, botany. — The GENIUS OF ANTIQENT ASIA, having finished her eulogium at the tomb of Genius, disappears. The Dii Minores, or inferior genii of India, now arise, and pay their devoirs at that tomb. — The beam of Aurora appearing, they chaunt the Mithriac hymn, and are finally absorbed into the beams of the Sun, the fruitful parent of Asiatic superstition.

THE TIME,

in which the incidents in the following Poem are supposed to take place, is the period between sunset and sunrise.

THE SCENE

lies on the banks of the Ganges, at the tomb of departed Genius.

AN

ELEGIAC AND HISTORICAL POEM, &c.

SHALL Genius slumber in th' oblivious tomb,
By no sublime funereal song deplor'd ;
Shall he, who tower'd on Fancy's loftiest plume,
Want the sweet dirge o'er beauteous LAURA* pour'd?

Muses of Asia ! ye who fann'd the fire
That in your favourite's ardent bosom glow'd,
With all your flame my kindling soul inspire,
As when the exalted strain to Mithra † flow'd.

Arise ! — and deeply smite the choral shell ;
Solemn, yet plaintive, roll th' impassion'd lay ;
Like those which shook, of old, the mystic cell,
And mourn'd th' all-cheering sun's departing ray.

* See the elegant translation of Petrarch's pathetic elegy on Laura, in the Asiatic Poems of Sir William Jones.

† Alluding to the Ode to Mithra, in which the rites of the antient Sabian superstition are depicted.

For, radiant as yon orb's declining beam
 Flames on illum'n'd Taurus' western brow,
 His star, descending, shed a lovely gleam,
 Whose lustre shall to latest ages glow.*

Hail! nurse of arts and song, thy hallow'd shore,
 Asia, permit my daring steps to rove ;
 Thy antient Magi's vaulted caves explore,
 And pierce the dark, sequester'd, blood-stain'd, † grove.

But chief, where Ganges' rapid billows glide
 By many a ruin'd tower, and mouldering fane,
 That erst the rage of hostile chiefs def'd,
 And echo'd with devotion's raptur'd strain,

Be mine to wander o'er yon gloomy strand,
 Where drooping Science bends o'er Virtue's bier ;
 And, mingling with yon sorrowing sable band,
 Heave the deep sigh, and pour the gushing tear.

* The last hour of the life of this illustrious character was marked by a solemn act of devotion. Finding his dissolution rapidly approaching, he desired his attendants to carry him into an inner apartment, where, at his desire, they left him. Returning, after a short interval, they found him in a kneeling posture, with his hands clasped and his eyes fixed towards heaven. As they were removing him he expired.

* I have asserted and proved, in the Indian Antiquities, that all the sacred groves of Asia, and particularly those of India, (an assertion, which, from the general feature of mildness that marks their present character, to some readers seemed incredible,) were deeply stained with bestial and human sacrifices.

Now

Now Night's incumbent shadows, deepening round,
 The proud remains of India's glory veil,
 Pale lightnings skirt th' horizon's distant bound,
 Loud beats the surge, and hollow blows the gale !

An anxious horror all my soul pervades,
 I see the awful page of fate unroll'd ;
 Darkling I range through Death's profoundest shades,
 Futurity's tremendous scenes unfold !

Ah ! what are days, or months, or circling years,
 That form, 'twixt life and death, the slender bound ;
 What the vast cycles of revolving spheres,
 To dread eternity's unmeasur'd round !

Roll, mighty periods, your immense career,
 Be suns, be stars, in flaming ruin hurl'd !
 Virtue, the sun that warms the moral sphere,
 Superior glows, nor fears a bursting world.

Wide as those countless orbs diffuse their blaze,
 Boundless as space extends, or being flows,
 No spot so dear applauding Heaven surveys,
 As where the wise and virtuous dead repose.

Unfading laurels, o'er their sacred urn,
 Aloft their ever-verdant foliage spread ;
 The Muses there eternal incense burn,
 And rolling spheres their kindest influence shed.

On their lov'd bier the morn's refulgent star,
 Enamour'd, joys to dart its earliest beam ;
 There passing Phœbus checks his rapid car,
 And lingering Cynthia sheds her latest gleam.

The loveliest roses of the breathing spring
 Delight around the hallow'd sod to grow ;
 Bright seraphs hover near with guardian wing,
 Light fall the dews, and soft the zephyrs blow.

Let tyrants, to embalm their loathsome clay,
 Of half her fragrant gums Arabia drain,
 Recording brass their martial feats display,
 And venal marbles breathe the flatterer's strain :

Thy tomb no trophies wants, illustrious shade !
 Nor breathing brass thy virtues to proclaim ;
 Thine are the radiant palms which never fade,
 A tower of adamant thy deathless name !

To spread thy fame two rival worlds contend,
 To worth, to learning, and to genius, just ;
 And Love's and Friendship's mingling tears descend,
 To embalm thy memory, and bedew thy dust.

Immortal Genius ! whose expansive flame,
 In early youth, on Isis' banks I caught ;
 Whose path I follow'd up the steep of fame,
 And, by thy precepts, form'd the ripening thought.

Oh ! from yon glittering orbs, thy bright abode,
 Where oft, on earth, thy spirit lov'd to soar ;
 Whether thou mount the lucid MILKY ROAD,
 That vast abyss of blazing suns t'explore : *

* See the Dissertations of Dr. Herschel, relative to this brilliant portion of the heavens, in the philosophical Transactions.

Or if the northern Wains thy wing detain,
 Or vast Orion's more refulgent beam ;
 Or, darting downward to the southern main,
 If Hydra bathe thee in her blazing stream :

Where'er thou rov'st, or near the frozen pole,
 Or the parch'd regions of the burning line :
 Still on this globe thine eye, auspicious, roll,
 Nor spurn the trophies heap'd around thy shrine !

For me in vain revolve the tuneful spheres,
 No more through heaven their flaming paths I trace ;
 Life one vast howling wilderness appears,
 And darkness wraps Creation's beauteous face.

Ah ! what avails it that I caught thy fire,
 Or with thy ardent spirit dar'd to soar !
 With thee Ambition's fondest hopes expire,
 The sacred thirst of glory burns no more.

Deeper than Gothic glooms o'er Britain hang,
 Where toiling Science wails her ravish'd meed ;
 And, wounded deep, with many a secret pang,
 The agonizing Muse is doom'd to bleed !

Ye bards of Britain, break the useless lyre,
 And rend, disdainful, your detested bays ;
 Who now shall dare to letter'd fame aspire
 Devotes to penury his hapless days !

Hear slighted BUTLER his hard fate bemoan !
 O'er famish'd OTWAY shed the generous tear !
 Hark ! frantic CHATTERTON's expiring groan
 Still vibrates dreadful on the tortur'd ear !

And

And are there who the glitt'ring wreath would tear,
 Immortal Genius! from thy sacred brow;
 Who jealous Heav'n's avenging thunder dare,
 Whence all the radiant fires of Genius flow?

Are there, who, while they quaff the sparkling wines,
 And load with eastern pomp the groaning board,
 Wreck not that famish'd worth, unfriended, pines,
 And bar, with hearts of steel, th' unbounded hoard?

Ye wretched pageants of a summer's morn,
 Howe'er inshrin'd in wealth or thron'd in power,
 Genius surveys you with retorted scorn,
 Above your rage th' immortal Muses tower!

Can all the joys the genial grape inspires,
 One transport to the throbbing breast impart,
 Like his, who burns with fancy's genuine fires,
 And wakes the strain that warms the bounding heart?

In dungeon-glooms behold the bard sublime!
 No sufferings can repress his inborn flame;
 Darkling, in chains, he pours th' indignant rhyme,
 And, wanting all things, throbs alone for fame!

He knows not famine's direful pangs to feel,
 Ætherial viands feed his ardent soul;
 He looks, with scorn, on bonds of triple steel,
 Whose spirit soars where worlds unnumber'd roll!

While thus, with honest pride, my bosom glow'd,
 More vivid stream'd the lightning's dreadful glare;
 In wilder waves tumultuous Ganges flow'd,
 And rolling thunders shook the turbid air!

A flood of glory from th'expanding skies
 Full on the tomb of shrouded Genius play'd;
 And, floating in the blaze, my raptur'd eyes
 A form immortal and sublime survey'd.

The jewell'd chaplet that adorns her brow,
 Her spear, resplendent as the solar flame,
 Her cheek, that shames the morning's purple glow,
 The sovereign GENIUS OF THE EAST proclaim.

Not that dire spectre, who, in later days,
 In Asia's courts rears high her pageant shrine,
 Who spurns the martial plume, and loves to blaze
 In waste of diamonds from Golconda's mine.

Oh! not that bloated monster, stain'd with blood,
 Who on pale harams vents her murd'rous rage;
 To screaming infants tends th'impoison'd food,
 And to the bow-string dooms enfeebled age:

That barb'rous, hell-born, fiend, by grim Despair
 On Murder, at the midnight-hour, begot:—
 Far hence remove her torch's baleful glare,
 Nor let its blaze profane this hallow'd spot!

But she, of elder birth, whose righteous sway
 Asia's undaunted sons exulting own'd,
 When Liberty diffus'd her halyon day,
 And Virtue rul'd the helm, with Cyrus thron'd.

I know her by her lofty ostrich-plume,
 That dreadful wav'd on Lydia's wealthy plain,
 When tyranny at Sardis found a tomb,
 And haughty Babel wept her myriads slain.

I know her by her rich emblazon'd shield,
 Round whose vast orb the radiant signs are roll'd,
 Here Mithra's lion spurns the blazing field,
 There raging Taurus flames in sculptur'd gold.

In all the charms of martial beauty bright,
 But still with brighter bays by Science crown'd,
 The goddess bends to earth her rapid flight,
 And consecrates to fame the hallow'd ground.

"Favour'd of Heav'n!" her awful voice exclaim'd,
 "Oh! thou, by two admiring worlds deplor'd,
 Who, with the love of Eastern lore inflam'd,
 To its sublimest heights unrivall'd soar'd.

The brightest palms which Asia yields be thine;
 Securely slumber on her peaceful coast:
 Thy dust shall mix with chiefs of proudest line,
 No nobler dust her gorgeous shrines can boast.

Thy genius dar'd the secret springs explore
 Whence antient Wisdom drank the copious stream,
 Diffus'd, far hence, to many a barb'rous shore,
 And regions glowing with the western beam.

Where the dark cliffs of rugged Taurus rise,
 From age to age, by blasting lightnings torn,
 In glory bursting from th'illumin'd skies,
 Fair Science pour'd her first auspicious morn.

The hoary Parthian seers, who watch'd by night
 Th'eternal fire in Mithra's mystic cave; —
 Emblem sublime of that primeval light,
 Which to yon sparkling orbs their lustre gave, —
Exulting

Exulting saw its gradual splendours break,
 And swept, symphonious, all their warbling lyres;
 'Mid Scythia's frozen glooms the Muses wake,
 While happier India glows with all their fires.*

From that stupendous tower in song renown'd,
 Rear'd in the centre of her vast champaign,
 Assyria, raptur'd, ey'd the blue profound,
 And class'd, in dazzling groups, the starry train.

Phœnicia, spurning Asia's bounding strand,
 By the bright pole-star's steady radiance led, †
 Bade to the winds her daring sails expand,
 'And fearless plough'd old Ocean's stormy bed.

The race, who, when the burning dog-star rose,
 With thund'ring pæans shook old Nilus' shore,
 Now view'd a brighter dawn its beams disclose,
 And drank, in copious draughts, the Indian lore.

From Egypt, roll'd in many a winding stream,
 To Greece the tide of Eastern science flow'd;
 Carthage, exulting, hail'd its rising beam;
 In Rome its splendours, by reflection, glow'd.

* The astonishing height to which the sciences were indubitably carried in antient India has induced me, in my History, as the least exceptionable method of explaining the difficulty, to refer their origin
 to ANTE-DILUVIAN ÆRAS.

† The discovery of the pole-star is ascribed to the Phœnicians, whence it is often emphatically called PHŒNICE.

Frantic with bigot rage, with blood defil'd,
 A gorgeous crescent gleaming on his crest,
 What furious demon, from Arabia's wild,
 Hurls desolation through the ravag'd East?

A sabre drench'd with infant gore he waves,
 His eyes in opium's wildest frenzy roll;
 And, while of sacred rites the maniac raves,
 Lust and revenge pollute his guilty soul.

O'er Persia wide his myriad host he pours,
 Burning for spoil, for human blood athirst;
 Resistless, India, on thy fertile shores,
 Tossing their flaming brands, his legions burst.

On Bactria's * hills are quench'd the sacred fires,
 The Mithriac priests are on their altars slain;
 The proud Sassanian dynasty expires,
 And Asia bends to OTHMAN's baleful reign.

Through all her bounds the outcries of despair,
 The shrieks of violated beauty, rise;
 While, blasted by his crescent's dreadful glare,
 The bloom of Science and of Genius dies.

Barbarian,

* The principal fire-temple of the Zoroastrian sages, and the residence of the Archimagus, was at Balkh, a city situated on the confines of Persia, &c. the capital of the ancient Bactria. Balkh was taken in the 27th year of the Hegira, and of the Christian era 647, by the Arabian general, Abdallah Ebn Amer, when that fire-temple was destroyed, and the miserable Persees fled into Guzzurat, where, to this day, they have a fire-temple; of which species of building the reader may see an engraving in the second volume

Barbarian, pause ! nor, with remorseless rage,
 The boast of Egypt to oblivion doom :
 Ah ! spare the toil of many a letter'd sage,
 Nor bid devouring fire their works consume ! *

In vain I plead ; with sacrilegious flame
 The glowing baths of Alexandria blaze ;
 OMAR ! eternal curses brand thy name,
 And keenest lightnings fire thy wither'd bays.

With kindred rage, on India's ravag'd plain,
 Stern MAHMUD, in a storm of fire, descends ;
 And many a rich and venerable fane
 Beneath his desolating fury bends.

Ah ! not from glory's generous ardour flows
 Th'impetuous transport of his headlong zeal :
 That breast with all the rage of avarice glows,
 That bosom Superstition's furies steel.

Bath'd in the streaming blood of half her kings,
 And borne triumphant o'er their trampled thrones,
 On plunder'd Delhi's boundless spoil he springs,
 And proud Canouge beneath his vengeance groans.

volume of Indian Antiquities. Concerning Balkh and its fate the reader may consult Al Makin Hist. Saracen. p. 37, edited by Erpenius, 1725 ; and Golius, in his notes upon the Astronomy of Allraganus, p. 176, edit. quarto, 1669.

* It should be here remembered that Egypt was antiently considered, if not as a part of Asia, at least as most intimately connected with it by the indissoluble bonds of science and commerce. The Alexandrian library, burnt by the detestable mandate of Omar, contained 700,000 volumes, which served to heat the baths of that city, amounting to 4000 in number, for six months together.

Insatiate

Insatiate still for India's treasur'd ore,
 His rapid flight the royal vulture bends,
 To where, on rich Cambay's far-distant shore,
 The vast Sumnaut its gorgeous front extends.

In vain the priests, that guard the sacred shrine,
 Th'unconquer'd arm of guardian Veeshnu boast ;
 And from the tow'rs, inflam'd with rage divine,
 Thunder Heav'n's vengeance on the myriad host.

Heav'n's awful rage the fierce assailants brave,
 Burst the strong gates, and scale the lofty walls :
 The priests plunge headlong in th' o'erwhelming wave,
 And India's last proud sanctuary falls.

And now his raptur'd eye a fane surveys,
 That ransack'd Nature's dazzling treasury seems ;
 With plates of gold the burnish'd ceilings blaze,
 One mass of jewels the rich altar gleams.*

Nor proffer'd gold, nor glowing gems suffice,
 Great Veeshnu's bust his ruffian hands profane :
 Rise! dreadful god, in all thy fury rise,
 And give to vengeance his devoted train !

As o'er yon sultry waste his legions toil,
 Who shall the pangs of burning thirst assuage ?
 The camels faint beneath their guilty spoil ;
 Through all the camp despair and madness rage.

* See a full account of this event and this sumptuous temple, extracted from Arabian writers, in *Indian Antiquities*, vol. iii, p. 369.

Ye hostile clarions ! cease mine ear to rend,
 Th'Arabian despot sheathes his blood-stain'd spear ;
 Their genial beams the cherish'd Arts extend,
 Their drooping heads the trampled Muses rear.

A race less fierce the Eastern sceptres wield,
 By worth distinguish'd as for science fam'd,
 Who toil for glory in a bloodless field,
 With loftier views, with nobler fires, inflam'd.

In the bright noon of their meridian pow'r,
 Genius, the daring eagle, upward springs :
 Not bolder did th'undazzled Theban* tow'r,
 Nor Mantua's swan† expand her soaring wings.

What blazing orb, o'er Scythia's hills afar,
 Portentous, rises with ensanguin'd beam !
 'Tis mighty GENGIS' inauspicious star,
 Convulsing Asia with its baleful gleam !

Resistless, fearless, cruel as their clime,
 I see the Tartars burst their frozen bound ;
 Unnumber'd banners wave in air, sublime,
 While crimson torrents smoke along the ground.

Dark as the driving swarms of locusts spread,
 Full many a league their gloomy front extends ;
 The trembling earth is blasted where they tread,
 And each affrighted Muse her laurel rends.

* Pindar.

† Virgil.

The blood of Gengis glowing in his veins,
 And bearing still a more terrific lance,
 Th' imperial savage * of the Sogdian plains
 Now bids his squadrons to the field advance.

* TIMUR BEC. — There are two very celebrated and very different histories, in the Oriental languages, of this renowned warrior, who was born at Cash, in the beautiful valley, or plain, of Sogd, the ancient Sogdiana. The one is in Persian, and was composed, under the inspection of Timur himself, by the Mullah Sherifeddin Ali, a native of Yezd in Persia, whence he is frequently denominated Ali Yezdi. The other is in Arabic, and was compiled by Ahmed Ebn Arabshah, a native of Syria, and a determined enemy of the hero whose exploits he recorded. Both of them are written with all the pomp and elegance of which their respective languages are capable, and take their complexion from the temper of their writers, and the circumstances under which they were compiled. "In the first," says Sir William Jones, "the Tartarian conqueror is represented as a liberal, benevolent, and illustrious, prince; in the second, as deformed and impious, of a low birth and detestable principles." Preface to Nadir Shah, p.22. I have both these histories in my possession. That of Ebn Arabshah, edited by Manger, Arabic and Latin, in three volumes quarto, was imported by myself, for the intended history of the Mohammedan sovereigns of Hindostan. From these two histories, compared throughout with Timur's Institutes, edited by Dr White and Major Davy, I have endeavoured to draw the true portrait of that ferocious hero: for, whatever might have been his own *liberality* to the fawning sycophants of his court, and however *illustrious* he might have been in arms, not all the laboured encomiums of the Persian historian shall ever convince me that the monster, who could order 100,000 captive Hindoos to be massacred in cold blood, under the walls of Delhi, and insist upon his orders being rigorously executed, could ever possess one spark of *benevolence*.

Like NIMROD, skill'd to guide the bloody chase,
 His rav'ning lust unbounded carnage feeds :
 By thousands fall the hapless sylvan race ;
 By myriads man, his nobler victim, bleeds.

Frantic through Asia's ravag'd vales they fly,
 And wrap her tow'ring capitals in fire :
 Beneath their spears the flower of Persia die,
 While age and beauty crowd the fun'ral pyre.

But chief on India bursts th' o'erwhelming tide,
 India still doom'd to feel th' oppressor's rage.
 Through seas of blood his crimson'd squadrons ride,
 'Midst hecatombs of gasping slain engage.

With yon deep groan uncounted myriads fell. —
 And now the flames from burning Delhi rise :
 Loud and more loud resounds the deepening yell,
 And vengeance ! vengeance ! echoes to the skies.

Reflection shudders at his sanguine deeds !
 Fly swift, ye hours ! roll round those halcyon times,
 When to yon throne his lion-race succeeds,
 Brave as their sire, untainted by his crimes.

Arouse, ye Muses ! burst your sevenfold chains,
 Smite, with immortal rage, your noblest wires ;
 The great, the brave, the virtuous, SHAHROC reigns,
 The dæmon of revenge and blood expires !

Wide as the circle of his vast domains,
 That know no limits save th' horizon's bound,
 His sov'reign pow'r your injur'd rights maintains,
 And spreads the flame he feels diffusive round.

From her deep slumber of three thousand years
 The trampled Genius of Assyria wakes :
 Again her head exulting Science rears,
 Again thy radiant morn, fair Freedom, breaks !

Majestic, lo! on Tigris' hallow'd shore,
 A second Babel seems the skies to threat;
 Whence Bagdad's seers yon blazing vault explore,
 And trace the mystic characters of fate.

Lo! Samarcand, a city new to fame,
 Temples and towers of matchless grace displays ;
 Proud cloister'd domes the cherish'd arts proclaim,
 While lofty gnomons mark the solar rays.*

Thou, too, whose daring genius could extend
 O'er heaven's majestic arch the mighty line ;
 Brave Tartar,† hail! thy native skies ascend,
 And 'midst thy own Fix'd Stars for ever shine.

With pen as brilliant as his conqu'ring sword,
 A double laurel decks great BABER's brows :
 Radiant the palms embattled fields afford,
 More radiant still the heav'nly Muse bestows.

The loudest notes her martial trump can pour
 To mighty AKBER's praise let glory sound!
 Waft them, ye winds, round ev'ry distant shore,
 Diffuse them wide as earth's remotest bound.

* I have proved, in the third volume of the Indian Antiquities, that all the obelisks of the ancient Egyptians were intended as gnomons, and therefore sacred to Osiris, THE SUN.

† Ulug Beg, the great astronomer, author of that stupendous work, the *Tabulæ Fixarum Stellarum*, edited by Hyde.

For all the virtues of his noble line,
 In AKBER beaming their concentrated ray,
 With all the fires of native genius join ;
 And India glories in his righteous sway.

Casi* once more her sacred fires renews,
 With Veeshnu's praise a thousand temples ring ;
 On Naugracut's vast range the soaring Muse
 Smites, 'midst eternal snows, the varied string.

Exalted high on India's ruby'd throne,
 Wisdom with hoary faith again unites ;
 No more in chains her vanquish'd princes groan,
 Nor noble Brahmins wail their ravish'd rights.

Happy as when her antient sov'reigns reign'd,
 Rajahs of grey renown, and dear to fame ;
 No more her soobahs of their youth are drain'd,
 Nor shrieking virgins feed the victor's flame :

But, cherish'd by the laws her Brahma gave,
 She sees her bursting granaries o'erflow ;
 Unnumber'd navies stem the boist'rous wave,
 Unbounded treasures in her coffers glow.

Thrice happy age ; how soon in blood to close !
 Lo ! Fate her sable banner wide unfurls.
 A chief,† more fierce than all her antient foes,
 O'er her vast Deccan flames and ravage hurls.

* The antient name of Benares. The latter name does not seem to be of very remote date in the annals of India. It is called, in the Ayceen Akbery, Baranassey, a word formed of Binah and Assey, the names of the two branches of the Ganges between which it is situated. It is also, in Sanscreet records, denominated VARANES.

† Aurengzebe.

Nor on rich Deccan's wealthy plains alone,
 I see the storm on hallow'd Casi burst;
 Her altars quench'd, her plunder'd fanes o'erthrown,
 Her hoary grandeur trampled low in dust.

Infuriate bigot to a barb'rous creed!
 Think'st thou the gods, whose fires those altars bore,
 Will unreveng'd behold this impious deed,
 Nor on thy race their hoarded fury pour?

By blood thy rebel arm the sceptre gain'd,
 And, tyrant, wide the crimson tide shall flow!
 Dread ministers of heaven's just wrath ordain'd,
 Rise, ruthless Seyds! strike home th'avenging blow!*

Hark! on Carmania's hills the trumpets sound,
 And the fierce Afghan tribes to arms invite;
 The thund'ring war-steed spurns the trembling ground,
 And neighs impatient for the promis'd fight.

To conquest by resistless NADIR led,
 From Candahar they rush impetuous down:
 High on the tyrant's burnish'd crest display'd
 Gleam the rich spoils of Persia's plunder'd crown.

'Gainst

* Aurengzebe, who died in the year 7 of this century, left the richest and most powerful empire in the world to be rent asunder, and convulsed to its very centre, by the ambitious contentions of his surviving off-spring. India had not for ages seen two such immense armies assembled on her plains as those which accompanied to the field his sons Azem Shah and Mahommed Mauzim, the rival competitors for his vacant throne. Both those princes perished in the contest for the sovereignty. The black and aggravated crimes, by which the father himself ascended to empire, seem to have been avenged by heaven in the

'Gainst vet'ran warriors, nerv'd with triple steel,
 Thy millions, Hindostan, in vain advance ;
 No more thy rajahs burn with patriot zeal,
 No more, enervate, wield the pond'rous lance.

Invincible the iron phalanx moves,
 Dreadful as wasting storms or raging fire :
 Delhi, again, a victor's vengeance proves,
 Again her butcher'd sons in-heaps expire.

Though all Golconda flames before their eyes,
 Not all Golconda can appease their rage :
 Unmov'd they hear the screaming infants' cries,
 Unaw'd, the curses of expiring age.

Come, fierce ABDOLLAH, on her destin'd walls
 Heav'ns last avenging, dreadful, phial pour. —
 'Tis done: th'imperial house of TIMUR falls ;
 India, thy sun descends to rise no more !

Now darkness brooding, with expanded wings,
 Wraps yon vast empire in its deathful shade ;
 The Muses rush from their polluted springs,
 And Science flies, appall'd, her fav'rite glade.

Triumphant Slaughter her ensanguin'd car
 O'er trampled altars roils and ruin'd fanes ;
 Wide through her vallies howls the storm of war,
 And famine in the bow'rs of Eden reigns.*

the successive destruction of his immediate descendants. Those formidable omrahs, the Seyds, afterwards successively dethroned or murdered five sovereigns of the royal house of Hindostan. See Fraser's Moghol Emperors, page 57.

* The Douab, or interamnian region of Upper Hindostan, once the most fertile spot of the richest country under heaven, has, by repeated wars of recent years, been converted into a perfect desert.

Dear

Dear as to dungeon-slaves the solar gleam,
 Or wretches doom'd to dig the buried ore,
 On raptur'd Casi dawns the gladsome beam
 Which British freedom, British science, pour.

To chase the tenfold gloom, my JONES, was thine,
 To cheer the Brahmin and to burst his chains ;
 To search for latent gems the Sanscreeet mine,
 And wake the fervour of her antient strains.

For, oh! what pen shall paint, with half thy fire,
 The power of Music on th'impassion'd soul,
 When the great masters wak'd the Indian lyre,
 And bade the burning song electric roll! *

The mystic veil, that wraps the hallow'd shrines
 Of India's deities, 'twas thine to rend :
 With brighter fires each radiant altar shines,
 To Nature's awful God those fires ascend.

Sound the deep conch ; dread Veeshnu's pow'r proclaim,
 And heap with fragrant woods the blazing urn :
 I see sublime Devotion's noblest flame
 'Midst Superstition's glowing embers burn.

* The impressive title of one of the most antient Sanscreeet treatises on Music is, "The Sea of Passions." See our author's animated account of the Indian Music, in the Asiatic Researches, vol. ii. p. 55.

'Twas thine, with daring wing and eagle eye,
 To pierce antiquity's profoundest gloom;*
 To search the dazzling records of the sky,
 And bid the stars the sacred page illume.†

Nor did th'instructive orbs of heaven alone
 Absorb thy soul 'mid yon ethereal fields;
 To thee the vegetable world was known,
 And all the blooming tribes the garden yields;

From the tall cedar, on the mountain's brow,
 Which the fierce tropic-storm in vain assails,
 Down to the humblest shrubs that beauteous blow,
 And scent the air of Asia's fragrant vales.

But talents, fancy, — ardent, bold, sublime, —
 Ubounded science, — form'd thy meanest fame;
 Beyond the grasp of death, the bound of time,
 On wings of fire Religion wafts thy name.‡

And, long as stars shall shine or planets roll,
 To kindred virtue shall that name be dear;
 Still shall thy genius charm th' aspiring soul,
 And distant ages kindle at thy bier."

* See the two profound Dissertations on the Indian Chronology, in Asiatic Researches, vol. ii, p. 111 and 389.

† Consult various astronomical passages in the treatises above-mentioned, and the discourse on the Lunar Year of the Hindus, in the same publication, vol. iii, p. 219. They are all made subservient to the cause of the national theology, and the illustration of the grand truths delivered in the sacred writings.

‡ Advert to the note in page 28.

Thus

Thus spake the Pow'r; and in the focal blaze
 Her dazzling shrine, her awful beauties veil'd;
 From harps celestial flow'd immortal lays,
 Ambrosial sweets my ravish'd sense regal'd.

And now, slow-rising on their fav'rite shore,
 Millions of shadowy forms around me mov'd;*
 Unfading garlands in their hands they bore,
 And, weeping, strew'd them on the urn they lov'd.

Sweet was th' harmonious dance, and sweet the dirge
 Whose plaintive warbling lull'd th' enraptur'd stream,
 Till, o'er the eastern mountain's farthest verge,
 Aurora, rising, shot her golden beam,

Instant, with shouts, they hail'd returning light,
 And sang the Pow'r that rolls the radiant year:
 Then, bending towards the sun their rapid flight,
 Plung'd in the centre of his burning sphere.

* The Dii Minores, or inferior genii, of India; being all symbolical representations either of the powers of nature or the attributes of God. See an ample account of them and their functions, in the Indian Mythology, in the Discourse on the Gods of Greece, Italy, and India, in Asiatic Researches, vol. i, p. 98.



WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

AN ELEGIAC POEM.

MAJESTIC monument of pious toil,
Whose tow'rs, sublime, in Gothic grandeur soar,
Where Death sits brooding o'er his noblest spoil,
And strews with royal dust the sacred floor,

Unfold thy gloomy portals to my song,—
Ye dusky ailes, ye lonely cloisters, hail!
Come, Inspiration, lead my steps along,
And all the secrets of the grave unveil.

Nor Cynthia, thou thy glimm'ring fires deny,
To gild the horrors of this dreadful gloom;
Where the night-phantom, swiftly gliding by,
Shoots o'er my path, and beckons to its tomb.

Now Darkness, shadowing wide the silent earth,
 Bids Vice unmask, and stalk her nightly round ;
 Now frantic bacchanals renew their mirth,
 While Commerce rests, in golden slumbers bound.

Now Dissipation drives her whirling car,
 In courts to shine, or flaunt in masquerade ;
 Her blazing torches glitter from afar,
 And pour meridian day on Midnight's shade.

Hence, Greatness, with thy toys, thy stars, thy strings,
 The jewell'd sceptre, and imperial crown ;
 My soul, superior, views the pride of kings,
 And on the bright parade of courts looks down,

The glitt'ring spoils that round Ambition blaze,
 The trophied arch, the golden canopy,
 The plume refulgent with the diamond's rays,
 The shout of millions ecchoing to the sky,

For the deep silence of the grave I spurn,—
 And quit the living pageant for the dead :
 Mine be the *plume* that shades yon sable urn,
 While Death's dark *canopy* inshrouds my head.

Hark ! how the hollow blast, with savage wail,
 Roars 'midst the turrets of the rocking pile ;
 While, in deep notes, responsive to the gale,
 The slow bell labours through the length'ning aisle.

Awe-struck, I kneel, and kiss the hallow'd ground,
 Where Britain's laurell'd progeny repose ;
 Whose hearts no more with martial transports bound,
 Nor their hot blood with patriot ardour glows.

Ye monarchs of the earth, attend your doom,
 And throw, awhile, the rich tiara by :
 Come; mourn with me at mighty HENRY's tomb,
 And heed a monitor that cannot lie !

Approach ; nor tremble while your steps descend
 To charnell'd caverns, — Grandeur's last abode !
 From mould'ring majesty its trappings rend,
 And view the worm its regal spoil corrode.

Ye mighty shadows, rise ! confirm my strains :
 Rise thou, whom Agincourt, triumphant, view'd !
 What, but a shroud, of all your pomp, remains,
 Of plunder'd nations, and a world subdu'd ?

Sapp'd by the ravage of devouring Time,
 O'er sainted EDWARD's shrine, Devotion, mourn ;
 Once deck'd with treasures brought from ev'ry clime,
 And crowns, from brows of vanquish'd monarchs torn.

Here YORK and LANCASTER are foes no more,
 But on the same cold marble bed repose :
 Their idle contest for dominion's o'er,
 While Death's strong grasp cements each rival rose.

The baron, haughty, jealous, fierce of soul,
 Reserv'd in council, dauntless in the field,
 Who scarcely brook'd a monarch's high control,
 To the GREAT CONQU'OR is compell'd to yield.

The pond'rous helmet and the massy spear,
 Hung o'er his tomb, their master's prowess shew,
 Who frowns above, in breathing brass, severe,
 And bears defiance on his lofty brow.

Wealth, pow'r, ambition, where are fled those charms,
 Whose sway, resistless, binds our hapless race ?
 Ye, that so often rouse the world to arms,
 And shake contending kindoms to their base.

Where is the breathing glow of Beauty fled,
 That once the soul of rival warriors fir'd ;
 The sparkling eye, the cheek, with crimson spread,
 The air, — the shape, — by crowded courts admir'd !

For, here full many a beauteous maid reclines,
 For matchless worth and constancy approv'd :
 And many a noble dame yon vault inshrines,
 From kings descended, and by kings belov'd.

Eternal peace to MARY'S * injur'd shade, —
 In life defam'd, in death with glory crown'd ;
 Securely slumber, near thy Rival laid :
 Beyond the grave her vengeance cannot wound.

Too stern ELIZA, why that sanguine deed,
 Which a deep shade o'er all thy glory throws ?
 And could thy soften'd heart for ESSEX bleed,
 Nor melt with anguish at a sister's woes ?

But for this blot — yon centred sun ne'er view'd
 A throne with more triumphant splendour fill'd ;
 Each foreign rival, by thy pow'r, subdu'd,
 Domestic faction, by thy wisdom, still'd !

* Mary Queen of Scots. Though the labours of some late historians have not been entirely successful in their endeavours to wipe away every reproach from the memory of this unfortunate queen, yet it is universally acknowledged, by all parties, that she met the fate to which she was doom'd with the firmness of a heroine and the resignation of a martyr.

What

What potent song shall utter half thy praise?

Let Europe's annals tell the wond'rous tale, —
 Let freed Batavia songs of triumph raise,
 Let Spain her wreck'd Invincible bewail.

Here, **PERCY**, as I cast my eyes around,
 Lost in the blaze of titles and of birth,
 Who more than thee for high descent renown'd?
 Who more ennobled by intrinsic worth?

What marble can — yon sculptur'd shrine displays,
 The lofty trophy of a husband's love;
 Yet monuments but meanly speak her praise
 Whom envy must applaud and vice approve.

While, Britain, o'er thy shrouded sons I tread,
 What awful terror does the thought excite;
 While all thy virtuous, fam'd, and noble, dead,
 Start from the shades, and sweep before my sight.

Thy bearded senators of high renown,
 Who, firm in Virtue's, bold in Freedom's, cause,
 Taught distant states to tremble at their frown,
 And gave the sov'reigns of half Europe laws;

All whom the proud historic page proclaims,
 For wisdom, fortitude, and worth, rever'd,
 Thy **HOWARDS**, **RUSSELS**, **SIDNEYS**, — mighty names!
 Through ages, still, to patriot breasts endear'd;

Cold, speechless, pale, beneath these roofs recline,
 Trampled by slaves, by loathsome reptiles spurn'd!
 Silent the tongue so fondly deem'd *divine*,
 The head that counsell'd, and the heart that burn'd!
 Where

Where are the fires that flash'd from CHATHAM's eye,
 The strains that from those lips impetuous broke,
 When, warm'd by truth and rous'd by liberty,
 His thund'ring voice th'astonish'd senate shook?

By BACON's genius, with new life inform'd,
 Again the bold expressive features glow;
 The patriot kindles, by the sculptor warm'd,
 While fancy hears his manly periods flow.

Here, too, thy warriors, who, from age to age,
 Have spread thy fame through all th'astonish'd world,
 Pointed beneath the line thy awful rage,
 Or at the distant pole thy thunders hurl'd,

Have, nerveless, dropp'd that spear whose light'ning ray
 Wither'd the tyrant's lifted arm in fight,
 Pour'd on the dungeon-slave resistless day,
 And bade him rise in freedom's sacred light.

Where hath not glory wafted VERNON's name?
 Where WAGER, WARREN, are your deeds unsung?
 Where CHURCHILL, TOWNSHEND, eldest sons of fame,
 And WOLFE, the theme of ev'ry Briton's tongue?

Immortal spirit of the dauntless HOWE,
 Tremendous to Britannia's western foes,
 Tear not the laurels from thy vet'ran brow,
 In lost Columbia all the parent glows.

Curs'd civil rage! — to glut thy thirsty spear,
 Insatiate fiend, lamented ANDRE' bled:
 In life's gay morn, in glory's full career,
 Low to the grave descends his youthful head.

His fate with anguish smote the royal breast,
 Where worth and valour ever find a friend;
 The starting tear the monarch's grief confess'd,
 Who bade yon marble to his name ascend.

Here sleep the masters of the varied string,
 That all the soul's suspended powers controll'd,
 Or bade it mount upon the seraph's wing,
 Rapt fancy madd'ning as the measures roll'd.

Here slumber those whose active spirits soar'd
 Far as the utmost stretch of human thought;
 Who knew all arts, all sciences explor'd,
 Now rang'd the stars, and now the centre sought.

The holy men who taught th'aspiring soul
 On strong devotion's eagle-plume to rise;
 Who knew the frantic passions to control,
 And rais'd our grov'ling wishes to the skies,

What shade majestic glides yon aisle along,
 Around whose head the rainbow's glories stream?
 His precepts strike with awe th'attendant throng,
 Who hang admiring on the lofty theme.

'Tis NEWTON's self unfolds, in daring strain,
 The flaming tract which devious comets run;
 Th' eternal laws that bind the ebbing main,
 And to the centre fix the steadfast sun.

Shall CAMDEN sleep, forgotten, in the dust,
 Whose learned toil could from oblivion save?
 No! grateful Isis decks his honour'd bust,
 And pays that immortality he gave.

Oh!

Oh! could mine eye remotest ages pierce ;
 Like thee, antiquity's dark page explore ;
 Full many a godlike chief should grace my verse,
 Whose bones, unhonour'd, spread th'ennobled floor.

Hence, Superstition, with thy frantic din,
 While SPRAT, while BARROW, faith's calm joys display,
 With artful SOUTH, who knew the soul to win
 From earth to heav'n, and shew'd the radiant way.

In PEARSE humility and genius join'd,
 The friend, the scholar, and the critic, shone ;
 Let ev'ry muse his bust with garlands bind,
 And Learning her best patron's loss bemoan.

Illustrious KNELLER! were thy pencil mine,
 Mine the luxuriance of thy nobler vein,
 With bolder rage should rush the kindling line,
 And in my song thy labours breathe again.

While RUBILIAC inspires the glowing stone,
 And calls forth all the wonders of his art,
 In mute astonishment his pow'rs we own,
 Nor check the sigh that heaves the bursting heart.

Hold, Death,* thy hand ; that threaten'd stroke forbear:
 The stroke yon grief-struck husband would repel ;
 Whose eye distraction marks, whose front despair,
 Whose veins in agonizing horror swell!

* I need not here acquaint the reader that these stanzas allude to that most beautiful monument erected to the memory of Joseph Gascoigne Nightingale, Esq. and his lady.

Mark, as the tide of ebbing life retires,
 Through yon fair form what well-feign'd languors creep:
 While her fond, speechless, lord in death admires,
 And clasps her sinking in eternal sleep.

But oh! what muse, amidst the bold display
 Of art and genius which these glooms afford,
 Shall paint their efforts in as bold a lay,
 And all the grandeur of the scene record!

My startled ear what sound of horror greets?
 'Tis the dire night-bird, with her hideous cry,
 Against yon arch her boding pinion beats;
 And to their graves the startled phantoms fly.

Stay, honour'd shadows of the wise and good!
 No midnight plund'rer I your haunts molest;
 No murd'rer's sacrilegious steps intrude
 To violate the grave's eternal rest.

Oh! point the way to that sequester'd spot
 Where Britain's bards my tearful homage claim;
 A deeper horror shades each rising thought,
 And wilder terrors shake my trembling frame.

Was that pale mass inform'd with heav'nly fire;
 Genius and wit, is this your destin'd end?
 Favour'd of Phœbus, break thy useless lyre,
 Thy steps already to the grave descend.

Ah! vain the poet's, vain the painter's, art:
 Fiction to truth resigns her flow'ry reign;
 Nor ought avail'd to ward th'unerring dart,
 The loftiest fancy or the sweetest strain.

Yet, stern destroyer, vaunt not o'er their bier;
 Nor boast o'er art thy gloomy victory :
 Though snatch'd by thee from all on earth held dear,
 How many millions have they snatch'd from thee !

Fain would the muse recount each honour'd name,
 And with reflected lustre deck her page ;
 Sing the bright sources whence she caught her flame,
 And, while she sings, aspire to kindred rage.

But ah ! they want no fame her skill can give,
 Their monuments sublimer trophies grace :
 They in their own immortal works survive,
 Nor can oblivion's rage those works deface.

Yet duteous will she pause at CHAUCER's shrine,
 And hail the hoary sire of British verse :
 To paint each scene of motley life was thine,
 And many a jocund tale thy lays rehearse.

What though four cent'ries have obscur'd thy rhyme?
 Still lives each character thy pen pourtray'd :
 Thy numbers only feel the force of time,
 The features flourish though the colours fade.

Soft o'er the dust of SPENSER let me tread,
 Whose gentle pipe beguil'd the shepherd's hours ;
 Or, through the mazes of enchantment led,
 Through floods, and coral grots, and fairy bow'rs.

Sweet Bard ! whom Mulla's widow'd tide deplores,
 Oh ! skill'd to " lance the heart " with tender woe,
 How do the strains thy muse of sorrow pours
 In kindred anguish melt us as they flow.

To see thee, by rebellion's lawless hand,
 From all the joys of love and friendship torn ;
 Thy fields the plunder of a barb'rous band,
 And oh! thyself the haughty BURLEIGH'S* scorn.

Thee, too, she hails, alike misfortune's sport,
 Whose artful satire scourg'd a bigot-race ;
 Lov'd, yet neglected, by a venal court,
 Its giddy monarch's fav'rite and disgrace.

Great Father† of the British Drama rise,
 Nor more with jealous fires disdainful burn ;
 Though Avon's loftier swan hath snatch'd the prize,
 Still no mean laurel shades thy honour'd urn.

Rise, and resume thy antient comic vein,
 As through thy muses fav'rite haunts we stray :
 The sprightly COWLEY, too, our train shall join,
 And give to wit and love the festive day.

Master of Nature! who, with heav'n-taught skill,
 Knew ev'ry passion's secret spring to move ;
 With horror now the throbbing vein to chill,
 Now rouse to vengeance, and now warm to love:

Whether we hear thy artful Hamlet rave,
 Or frantic Lear his tale of horror tell,
 With Ariel mount, or tempt the yawning cave
 Where hags of darkness chaunt the mutter'd spell.

* The Lord-Treasurer Burleigh was the implacable enemy of Spenser, whose hatred was farther inflamed by some verses, in which our author beautifully and feelingly describes the anxiety attending a dependance on court-favours.

† Ben Johnson.

Oh! SHAKSPEARE, great in thy collective might,
 Beyond each antient's loftiest name renown'd ;
 Who shall pursue thee in thy daring flight?
 Who trace those steps that spurn creation's bound?

Cimmerian darkness shield me from the blaze
 Of glory, strong, ineffable, that flows
 From those bright wheels that dart "pernicious rays,"
 And bear MESSIAH on his blasted foes.

What black dismay, what horrors, shade each brow,
 But chief th'Apostate's rebel soul appal!
 As headlong down the yawning gulphs below
 They rush, — while Chaos bellows in their fall.

With plume, like MILTON's, vig'rous and sublime,
 By want forbid like MILTON to aspire,
 Lo! DRYDEN, sweetest of the sons of rhyme,
 "Whose song * was music and whose breast a lyre,"

Like great DARIUS fall'n; — while daring GRAY,
 Though last, not humblest, of the lyric train,
 Soars in his mantle through th'ætherial way,
 Nor checks the fiery steed, but gives the loosen'd rein.

And ye, of meaner flame and humbler wing,
 Whose ashes strew this consecrated aisle ;
 Though dumb each voice, though tuneless ev'ry string,
 Yet has the grave its charms and death a smile.

* But man may justly tuneful strains admire,
 Whose soul is music and his breast a lyre.

DRYDEN.

The soul, that spurn'd on earth its kindred clay,
 May now substantiate all its airy dreams,
 Transported through its own Elysium stray,
 Taste nectar'd fruits, and quaff Nepenthean streams.

Sweet be your slumbers as the lays ye sung,
 Oh! may no ruffian hands your shrines deface,
 Till the great chords of nature be unstrung,
 And one wide ruin whelm the sacred place :

'Till the archangel's awful trump shall sound,
 And pour through nature the last loud alarms ;
 Level yon lofty columns with the ground,
 And from those breathing sculptures rend their charms.

I see the spectres of a thousand years,
 Bards, sages, chiefs, in long procession rise,
 In triumph mount above the burning spheres,
 Impatient, Virtue, for thy dazzling prize.

Th' Immortals, bending from their thrones of light,
 Smite their loud harps and hail th'ascending throng,
 While to the heav'n of heav'ns they urge their flight,
 Join the bright host, and swell th' eternal song.



HINDA:

An Eastern Elegy.



LED by the star of evening's guiding fires,
That shone serene on Aden's lofty spires,
Young AGIB trod the solitary plain,
Where groves of spikenard greet his sense in vain.
In wealth o'er all the neighbouring swains supreme,
For manly beauty ev'ry virgin's theme.
But no repose his anxious bosom found,
Where sorrow cherish'd an eternal wound.
The frequent sigh, wan look, and frantic start,
Spoke the despair that prey'd upon his heart.
The haunts of men no more his steps invite,
Nor India's treasures give his soul delight:
In fields and deep'ning shades he sought relief,
And thus discharg'd the torrent of his grief.

“ Ye swains, that through the bow'rs of pleasure rove,
Ye nymphs, that range the myrtle glades of love,
Forgive a wretch, whose feet your bow'rs profane,
Where joy alone and happy lovers reign:

But

But oh! this breast incessant cares corrode,
 And urge my fainting steps to death's abode.
 Joyless to me the seasons roll away,
 Exhausted nature hurries to decay;
 Day's cheerful beams for me in vain return,
 For me the stars of heav'n neglected burn:
 In vain the flow'rs in wild luxuriance blow,
 In vain the fruits with purple radiance glow;
 In vain the harvest groans, the vintage bleeds,
 Grief urges grief, and toil to toil succeeds:
 Since she whose presence bade the world be gay,
 Whose charms gave lustre to the brightest day,
 HINDA, once fairest of the virgin train
 Who haunt the forest or who range the plain,
 Sleeps where the boughs of yon black cypress wave,
 And I am left to languish at her grave!

" To that dear spot, when day's declining beam
 Darts from yon shining tow'rs a farewell gleam,
 Constant as eve my sorrows I renew,
 And mix my tears with the descending dew;
 The last sad debt to buried beauty pay,
 Kiss the cold shrine and clasp the mould'ring clay.

" Far other sounds this conscious valley heard,
 Far other vows these ardent lips preferr'd,
 When, sick with love, and eager to embrace
 Beauties unrivall'd but by angel grace,
 I madden'd as I gaz'd o'er all her charms,
 And hail'd my HINDA to a bridegroom's arms:
 I printed on her lips a hasty kiss,
 The pledge of ardent love and future bliss;

Her

Her glowing blushes fann'd the secret fire,
 Gave life to love and vigour to desire :
 Then, when the tear, warm trickling down my cheek,
 Spoke the full language passion could not speak,
 Our mutual transport seal'd the nuptial rite ;
 Heav'n witness'd and approv'd the chaste delight.

‘ Prepare, I cried, prepare, the nuptial feast,
 Bring all the treasures of the rifled east.
 The choicest gifts of ev'ry clime explore ;
 Let Aden * yield her tributary store,
 Let Saba all her beds of spice unfold,
 And Samarcand send gems, and India gold,
 To deck a banquet worthy of the bride,
 Where mirth shall be the guest and love preside.

‘ Full fifty steeds I boast, of swiftest pace,
 Pierce in the fight and foremost in the race :
 Slaves, too, I have, a num'rous faithful band,
 And heav'n hath giv'n me wealth with lavish hand :
 Yet never have I heap'd a useless store,
 Nor spurn'd the needy pilgrim from my door.
 And, skill'd alike to wield the crook or sword,
 I scorn the mandate of the proudest lord.
 O'er my wide vales a thousand camels bound,
 A thousand sheep my fertile hills surround :
 For her amidst the spicy shrubs they feed,
 For her the choicest of the flock shall bleed.
 Of polish'd crystal shall a goblet shine,
 The surface mantling with the richest wine ;

* Aden and Saba are both cities of Arabia Felix, celebrated for the gardens and spicy woods with which they are surrounded.

And on its sides, with Omman's * pearls inlaid,
 Full many a tale of love shall be pourtray'd :
 Hesper shall rise, and warn us to be gone,
 Yet will we revel 'till the breaking dawn ;
 Nor will we heed the morn's unwelcome light,
 Nor our joys finish with returning night.

‘ Not Georgia's nymphs can with my love compare :
 Like jet the ringlets of her musky hair ;
 Her stature like the palm, her shape the pine ;
 Her breasts like swelling clusters of the vine ;
 Fragrant her breath as Hadramut's perfume ;
 And her cheeks shame the damask-rose's bloom.
 Black, soft, and full, her eyes serenely roll,
 And seem the liquid mansion of her soul.
 Who shall describe her lips where rubies glow,
 Her teeth, like shining drops of purest snow ?
 Beneath her honey'd tongue persuasion lies,
 And her voice breathes the strains of Paradise.

‘ A bow'r I have, where branching almonds spread,
 Where all the seasons all their bounties shed ;
 The gales of life amidst the branches play,
 And music bursts from ev'ry vocal spray ;
 Its verdant foot a stream of amber laves,
 And o'er it Love his guardian banner waves.
 There shall our days, our nights, in pleasure glide ;
 Friendship shall live when passion's joys subside,
 Increasing years improve our mutual truth,
 And age give sanction to the choice of youth.’

* The sea of Omman bounds Arabia on the south, and is celebrated,
 by the Eastern poets, for the beauty of the pearls it produces.

“ Thus fondly I of fancied raptures sung,
 And with my song the gladden'd valley rung.
 But fate, with jealous eye, beheld our joy,
 Smil'd to deceive and flatter'd to destroy;
 Swift as the shades of night the vision fled,
 Grief was the guest, and Death the banquet spread;
 A burning fever on her vitals prey'd,
 Defied love's efforts, baffled med'cine's aid,
 And from these widow'd arms a treasure tore,
 Beyond the price of empires to restore.

“ What have I left? what portion but despair,
 Long days of woe, and nights of endless care?
 While others live to love, I live to weep:
 Will sorrow burst the grave's eternal sleep?
 Will all my pray'rs the savage tyrant move
 To quit his prey and give me back my love?
 If far, far hence, I take my hasty flight,
 Seek other haunts and scenes of soft delight,
 Amidst the crowded mart her voice I hear,
 And shed, unseen, the solitary tear.
 Music exalts her animating strain,
 And beauty rolls her radiant eye in vain:
 All that was music fled with HINDA's breath,
 And beauty's brightest eyes are clos'd in death!
 I pine in darkness for the solar rays,
 Yet loath the sun and sicken at his blaze:
 Then curse the light, and curse the lonely gloom,
 While unremitting sorrow points the tomb.

“ Oh! HINDA, brightest of the black-ey'd maids
 That sport in Paradise' embow'ring shades,

From golden boughs where bend ambrosial fruits,
 And fragrant waters wash th'immortal roots ;
 Oh! from the bright abodes of purer day
 The prostrate AGIB at thy tomb survey ;
 Behold me with unceasing vigils pine,
 My youthful vigour waste with swift decline ;
 My hollow eye behold and faded face,
 Where health but lately spread her ruddy grace,
 I can no more ; — this sabre sets me free ;
 This gives me back to rapture, love, and thee.
 Firm to the stroke its shining edge I bare,
 The lover's last, sad, solace in despair.
 Go, faithful steel, act ling'ring nature's part,
 Bury thy blushing point within my heart ;
 Drink all the life that warms these drooping veins,
 And banish at one stroke a thousand pains.
 Haste thee, dear charmer ; catch my gasping breath,
 And cheer with smiles the barren glooms of death! —
 'Tis done, the gates of Paradise expand,
 Attendant Houri seize my trembling hand ;
 I pass the dark, inhospitable, shore,
 And, HINDA, thou art mine — to part no more!"

EPITAPH ON A BEAUTIFUL INFANT.

BRIGHT to the sun expands the vernal rose,
 And sweet the lily of the valley blows ;
 Sudden impetuous whirlwinds sweep the sky,
 They shed their fragrance, droop the head, and *die*.
 Thus this fair infant, from life's storms retir'd,
 Put forth fair blossoms, charm'd us, and *expir'd*.

ODE

ODE TO MITHRA.*

*Sung by a Chorus of Priests in the Persian Army, after the Engagement
that gained CYRUS the Sovereignty of Asia.*

PART THE FIRST.

TIME.—NOON.

I.

PARENT OF LIGHT, whose burning eye

Pours on a hundred realms exhaustless day ;

Whether, beneath the polar sky,

They stretch where Tanais rolls his tardy stream;

Or glow beneath thy fervid tropic ray ;

MITHRA, we hail thee our immortal sire !

And, as we gaze on thy diffusive beam,

Drink, from thy fountain, life, and catch rekindling fire !

Swell loud and deep the choral song,

To MITHRA'S praise the notes prolong,

* Mithra, in this ode, is to be considered not merely as the sun, but as the delegated sovereign of the world, according to the system of the antient Persian mythology.

Ye sacred guardians of th'ETERNAL FLAME,
 That, pure and bright, from Nature's birth,
 Through many a circling century hath glow'd,
 Ere first, to warm the barren earth,
 His shining chariot clave th'æthereal road:
 Aloft your golden censers raise,
 And, while a thousand altars blaze,
 With shouts the conscious deity proclaim!

II.

Impatient for the breaking dawn,
 Ere, yet, emerging from the main,
 Thy glowing axle pour'd the morn,
 Our Persians, spread through many a plain,
 With furious shouts demand the war.
 Bright on yon mountains pine-clad height
 Beam'd the fair harbinger of day,
 And soon we mark'd thy radiant car,
 In glory bursting on the sight,
 Mount swiftly up the sapphire way!
 Instant a thousand trumpets sound,
 A thousand chiefs in arms appear,
 And high their glitt'ring banners bear;
 The harness'd steed responsive neighs,
 And, while his footsteps spurn the ground,
 His eyeballs burn, his nostrils blaze!

III.

What stranger youths of lofty mien,
 Ye Persians, mingle with your valiant train,
 Of aspect dauntless but serene,

Whose

Whose glitt'ring helms in air sublimely tow'r;
 And, on their sullen brows, that breathe disdain,
 Contempt of death, and stern defiance low'r!
 In their flush'd cheeks the mantling blood,
 That bounds, impatient, through each throbbing vein,
 Mounts in a richer, fuller flood,
 Imprinting deep the warrior's scarlet stain!
 To virtue and to glory dear,
 From Susa's proud imperial tow'rs they come,
 The chief to fall on an untimely bier,
 His comrades to return with laurels home!
 By thee led on to victory,
 And, kindling with thy own immortal flame,
 To arms with kindred rage they fly,
 And half the danger share, and half the fame.

IV.

Hark! Glory, from yon craggy height,
 Where, cloth'd in glitt'ring adamant, she stands,
 Summons to war the sons of fight,
 And, rolling round the fields her eyes of flame,
 Fires with heroic rage her favour'd bands!
 Bright on her crest the burnish'd dragons glow,
 While deeply drinking the eternal beam,
 That flows around in one unbounded stream,
 They shed pernicious light, and blast the with'ring foe!
 Smite, loudly smite, the choral string,
 Aloft the golden censer raise;
 Let heaven's bright arch with triumph ring,
 And earth resound with MITHRA's praise!

V.

O'er Susa's youthful monarch slain,
 Awhile prolong the plaint of manly woe?
 And, as the deep melodious dirges flow,
 With palms eternal deck his honour'd urn!
 Now wake, in thunder wake, the loftiest strain:
 His faithful bands, sublime in worth and arms,
 Feel, through each throbbing pulse, the high alarms,
 And with impatient thirst of vengeance burn!
 Their ardent war-steeds all restraint disdain,
 And bear them o'er the deep-ensanguin'd plain,
 On wings of light'ning midst th'astonish'd foe.
 O'er prostrate myriads of the vanquish'd throng,
 The scythe-armed cars impetuous bound along,
 And mow through all the field their dreadful way.
 Their bows of steel th'unerring archers bend,
 Wide round the shafts of destiny descend;
 And clouds of jav'lins hide the solar ray!
 High on a courser of æthereal fire,
 The noblest steed of that immortal train,
 Cherish'd on fair Nicæa's vast champaign,
 The god-like youth, who vaunts the sun his sire,
 The sov'reign arbiter of Asia's doom,
 Shakes his bright spear, and waves his sparkling plume.
 Wherever fiercest glows the rage of fight,
 Wherever dangers dreadful charms invite,
 Or wounded valour asks the warding shield,
 Thither, through seas of blood, great COSROE rides;
 And, round him, while conflicting hosts engage,
 And death's dire engines pour their wasteful rage,
 Foremost he thunders through th'embattled field,
 Inflames the war, and all its fury guides.

VI.

What frantic shrieks of wild despair
 Come rolling on the burthen'd air !
 The war-fiend pours his funeral yell ;
 While scarce the trumpet's pow'rful breath,
 Scarce the loud clarion's ampler swell,
 Drown the tumultuous groans of death !
 Th'Assyrians fly ; in heaps around
 The bravest vet'rans strew the ground !
 Shall wanton vengeance stain the brave,
 Or rancour burn beyond the grave ?
 Persians, th'ensanguin'd fight give o'er,
 And sheathe your sabres steep'd in gore.
 Though Justice wide her falchion wave,
 From insult still the brave forbear ;
 With palms array'd, with conquest crown'd,
 The brightest glory's still to spare !
 Swell loud and deep the choral song,
 To MITHRA's praise the notes prolong,
 Ye sacred guardians of th' ETERNAL FLAME,
 That, pure and bright, from Nature's birth,
 Through rolling centuries hath ceaseless glow'd,
 Ere first, to warm the barren earth,
 His shining chariot clave th'æthereal road,
 Aloft your golden censers raise,
 And, while a thousand altars blaze,
 With shouts the conscious deity proclaim !

ODE TO MITHRA.*

PART THE SECOND.

TIME.—EVENING.

I.

THE brave have sheath'd th'avenging sword :
Our potent song hath burst the secret spell
That seal'd the watchful Magi's mystic cell :
Responsive to our vows to MITHRA pour'd,
Where Media's rugged mountains, steep and hoar,
Above the tempest's rage sublimely soar.
What floods of issuing glory stream,
What solemn symphonics float wild in air !
With sacred fires a thousand caverns gleam,
A thousand seers the mystic rites prepare ;
And, while upon those fires—that round them blaze
In radiant pyramids—entranced they gaze,
Their spirits glowing with congenial flame,

* Exhibiting a view of the antient mysterious and dreadful rites celebrated in the Mithratic cavern.

The lofty loud-resounding conch they blow,
 Around Arabia's richest odours throw,
 And rend the rocks with MITHRA's mighty name.
 Oped, by the mystic pow'r of fire,
 To the deep music of the solemn lyre,
 Behold yon massy gates of brass expand ;
 And, through th'illumin'd cavern's vast extent,
 The picture of the boundless world present,
 The work of MITHRA's demiurgic hand.
 Above, array'd in tints of loveliest blue,
 A concave dome, with glittering symbols bright,
 And orient gems, that shed a varied light,
 Pour their full splendours on th' astonish'd view !
 Deep on the rock and jasper walls portray'd,
 The mighty circle of the zodiac shines ;
 Here shed the brunal orbs their barren shade,
 There fiery glow the bright solstitial signs.
 Fed by rich streams from his o'erflowing urn,
 To MITHRA's praise eternally they burn !

II.

High in the centre, wrought in burnish'd gold,
 MITHRA, thy own refulgent orb appears ;
 And round the vast circumference are roll'd
 Attendant planets, and revolving spheres.
 To mark the wonders of thy plastic pow'r,
 That down to earth's profoundest centre darts,
 To slumb'ring matter life and form imparts,
 And ripens in its bed the glowing ore, —
 Science, by thee the wond'rous process taught,
 Those pond'rous spheres of various metals wrought,
 K 2 Then

Then, launch'd within the cavern's vast expanse,
 Their radiant rivals in harmonious dance.
 Of virgin *silver* form'd, with ray serene,
 Shines fair Astarte, night's resplendent queen :
 Next Mercury his ardent aspect shews,
 As *iron* in the raging furnace glows :
 Of ruddy *copper* form'd, the blood-stain'd Mars
 On earth's affrighted race terrific glares :
 Venus, whom beauty's loveliest smile arrays,
 A brilliant vest of sparkling *tin* displays :
 Next dazzling Jupiter's enormous mass
 Rolls on, a pond'rous globe of burnish'd *brass* :
 While *leaden* Saturn's mightier sphere
 Through fields of azure wheels his vast career.
 The myriad sparkling gems that burn on high,
 To rapt philosophy's bold ken display
 The blazing wonders of the starry sky,
 That through the vast abyss of space extend,
 To other worlds their cheering lustre lend,
 And light, through nature's bounds, eternal day.
 Smite, loudly smite, the choral string,
 Aloft the golden censer raise ;
 Let heav'n's bright arch with triumph ring,
 And earth resound with MITHRA's praise !

III.

The fiery steeds, that whirl along
 Day's rapid car, have gain'd the lofty steep,
 Where Taurus frowns upon the western deep.
 Commence the solemn evening song !—

Swell the bright pomp of awful sacrifice,
 Let darker clouds of incense rise,
 In fuller streams the burning naphtha flow,
 And all the caves with fires intenser glow !
 For, lo! the radiant God, his journey run,
 Leaves, for his favour'd grot, the vaulted skies ;
 And, into yon resplendent mass of gold,
 A portion of that mighty spirit pours,
 By which the balanç'd orbs through heav'n are roll'd,
 And the chain'd oceans lash th'indignant shores.
 Bring forth the horses of the sun
 That, sporting on Nicæa's fertile plain,
 When day first breaks on their transported view,
 Bound in the blaze, and quaff th'ambrosial dew.
 Their lofty port, their eyes that roll in flame,
 The bold redundance of their bushy mane,
 The beams of circling glory that invest
 Their proudly-rising neck, and swelling chest,
 The radiant offspring of the skies proclaim.
 Nor absent, MITHRA, be the stately steer
 That opes, with gilded horn, the vernal year :
 Nor that proud savage of the Lybian plain,
 The fiercest of the zodiac's glowing train.
 Widely, ye priests, bid flow the crimson flood,
 And drench yon altars with their noble blood.

IV.

The deeper mysteries prepare ! —
 To the pale candidate's astonish'd eyes,
 In all thy dreadful charms, great Nature rise !

With

With fearful prodigies appal his soul;
 Around him let terrific lightnings glare,
 And the loud thunders of the tropic roll :
 While winds impetuous rush, and waves resound,
 And rending earthquakes rock the lab'ring ground,
 Through the deep windings of the mystic cave,
 While midnight darkness hovers o'er,
 Let the blind wretch his toilsome way explore !
 Now plunge him headlong in the polar snow,
 Whelm him in Capricorn's solstitial wave,
 Round him let Cancer's burning deluge flow !
 Through all the elements that wrap the globe;
 The soul, that dares to heav'nly birth aspire,
 Must strenuous toil,—earth, ocean, air and fire ;
 Then, purg'd of all the sordid dross below,
 The daring spirit shall with angels glow,
 And change its earthly for a heav'nly robe.
 Yon mighty ladder let his feet ascend,
 With sapphires studded, and refulgent gold ;
 To heav'n's high arch its lofty steps extend,
 And sev'n bright gates their radiant valves unfold.
 Of various metals wrought, those portals gleam,
 And, through yon orbs, the soul's migration shew ;
 Now spotless shining in the solar stream,
 Now darkly toiling in the spheres below.
 Where'er he wanders let his lips prolong,
 To him who rolls the spheres, th'exulting song !

V.

Borne on the radiant eagle of the sphere,
 Now let him urge aloft his bold career.

All the bright wonders of that sphere display,
 And bathe him in the blazing fount of day !
 Strike up the dreadful symphonies sublime,
 That oft, when yon pale orb hath reach'd its height,
 Mid the dead silence of incumbent night,
 On Caucasus, the musing seer astound,
 Bursting from all the spacious skies around.
 But chief, thou mighty consecrated Lyre !
 That, in the glitt'ring arch of heaven set high,
 Flam'st forth the richest jewel of the sky !—
 Immortal Harp, that, at the birth of time,
 Sang'st, in sweet union, to the angelic quire,
 Who hail'd with shouts the great creative Sire ;
 Exalt thy deep, thy diapason, swell !
 While, in bright order, through the blue expanse,
 To the wild warbling of that mystic shell,
 Their nightly round the beauteous Pleiads dance,
 And all the sacred animals, that shine
 Through yon vast vault, in awful concert join.
 To MITHRA's praise the pealing anthems rise,
 And one triumphant chorus fills the skies.

VI.

Bid Egypt's swarthy tribes rejoice !
 The dog Anubis, from whose flaming mouth
 Streams the dire pestilence that blasts the south,
 High in the heavens exalts his warning voice,
 Proclaims the mighty Sothic's year's return,
 And bids the Nile unlock his golden urn.
 Loud, through the caverns of the mystic cell,

Howls

Howls the dire Wolf,* the boding ravens scream,
 And finny monsters lash the briny stream:
 Mark the bright serpent his vast length unfold,
 And proudly swell in undulating gold,
 Hissing responsive to the direful yell
 Of the fell dragoon, nightly issuing forth
 From the dark chambers of the frozen north!
 From the Bull's ardent eye what splendours dart;
 How brilliant glows the Lion's mighty heart;
 Wide o'er cerulean fields of lucid light
 Orion's belt and gleaming falchion blaze;
 And, flaming on the raven-brow of night,
 The Northern Crown beams forth unrivall'd rays.
 Along the pictured walls, with skill design'd,
 The dogs the panting hare unwearied chase;
 Here fiery Pegasus, with rapid bound,
 In his fleet starry course outstrips the wind:
 Impetuous straining through the wilds of space,
 There toiling o'er the dreary Arctic round,
 Slowly the cumbrous Wains are seen to roll;
 And, with their gleaming axles, light the frozen Pole.
 But e'en the distant Wains his pow'r obey,
 MITHRA, who formed the night and rules the day!

VII.

Now having rang'd Creation's vast extent,
 From all its base terrestrial dross refin'd,
 Let the noviciate youth's unclouded mind,

* The sacred animals designated on the sphere were, in the mysteries of Mithra, represented by Priests clothed in their skins, or adorned with their plumage, hence called Leontes, Corvi, &c.

New fledged and vig'rous, take its rapid flight
Beyond the bounds of yon blue firmament,

To the pure mansion of the source of light :
There drink the full, o'erflowing noontide beam,
Absorb'd for ever in the solar stream !

But, lo ! on high the beauteous day-star glows !
Orion's setting beam proclaims the dawn ;

The fire's faint glimm'ring bid the myst'ries close :
And mark, the radiant power that pours the morn
Prepares to leave his lofty golden sphere,
And renovate through heav'n his bright career.

But, e'er he quit the mystic cell,
Ere the last glimmer of the sacred fire
On the bright vase's hallow'd verge expire,

In one vast peal the solemn anthems swell.

Strike, louder, bolder, strike, the choral string,
Aloft, ye Priests, your golden censers raise ;

Let heav'n's bright arch with thund'ring paens ring,
And earth's wide bounds resound with MITRA's praise.

THE SCHOOL-BOY.*

IN THE MANNER OF THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

Written when a School-Boy.

MULTA TULIT, FECITQUE PUER.

HOR.

THRICE happy he whose hours the cheering smiles
Of freedom bless; who wantons uncontroll'd
Where ease invites, or pleasures syren voice.
Him the stern tyrant, with his iron scourge,
Annoys not, nor the dire oppressive weight
Of galling chain; but, when the blushing morn
Purples the east, with eager transport wild,
O'er hill, o'er valley, on his panting steed,
He bounds exulting, as in full career
With horns, and hounds, and thundering shouts, he
drives
The flying stag; or when the dusky shades

* This poem proved the fortunate means of my introduction to Dr Johnson, who spoke publicly of it in such terms as alone could have induced me to reprint it. The reader will be pleased to observe, that the *false sublime* is purposely assumed throughout it, and is essential to this species of poetical composition.

Of

Of eve, advancing, veil the darken'd sky,
 To neighbouring tavern, blithsome, he resorts
 With boon companion, where they drown their cares
 In sprightly bumpers and the mantling bowl.

Far otherwise, within these darksome walls,
 Whose gates, with rows of triple steel secur'd,
 And many a bolt, prohibit all egress,
 I spend my joyless days ; ere dawn appears,
 Rous'd from my peaceful slumbers by the sound
 Of awe-inspiring bell, whose ev'ry stroke
 Chills my heart-blood, all trembling, I descend
 From dreary attic, round whose antient roof,
 Gaping with hideous chinks, the whistling blast
 Perpetual raves, and fierce-descending rains
 Discharge their fury.— Dire lethargic dews
 Oppress my drowsy sense, scarce yet awake
 From Rapture's airy dreams, where, fir'd with all
 That VIRGIL sang, or fabling HOMER feign'd,
 My fancy realised poetic tales,
 And rang'd Elysian valleys:—now I quaff,
 From crystal goblets, bright with gems and gold,
 Rich nectar, drink of gods—now, sore oppress'd
 With goading famine, on ambrosial fruits
 Banquet with thund'ring Jove:—ah transient feast!
 For like, oh Tantalus, thy feign'd repast,
 The airy viands mock my waking grasp!
 Meanwhile benumbing cold invades my joints,
 As, with slow fault'ring footsteps, I resort
 To where, of antique mould, a lofty dome
 Rears its tremendous front; here all at once,
 From thousand different tongues, a mighty hum

Assaults my ears; loud as the distant roar
 Of tumbling torrents; or as in some mart
 Of public note, for traffic far renown'd,
 Where Jew with Grecian, Turk with African,
 Assembled, in one general peal unite
 Of dreadful jargon.—Straight on wooden bench
 I take my seat, and con, with studious care,
 Th'appointed tasks; o'er many a puzzling page
 Poring intent, and sage Athenian bard,
 With dialect, and mood, and tense, perplex'd,
 And conjugations varied without end.

When lo! with haughty stride (in size like him
 Who erst extended on the burning lake
 Lay floating many a rood,) his sullen brow
 With lowering frowns and fearful glooms o'ercast,
 Enters the Pædagogus: terrific sight!
 An ample ninefold peruke, spread immense,
 Luxuriant waving down his shoulders, plays;
 His hand a bunch of limber twig sustains,
 Call'd by the vulgar birch: tartarean root,
 Whose rankling points, in blackest poison dipp'd,
 Inflict a mortal pain; and, where they light,
 A ghastly furrow leave.—Scar'd at the sight,
 The bustling multitude, with anxious hearts,
 Their stations seek.—A solemn pause ensues;
 As when, of old, the monarch of the floods,
 'Midst raging hurricanes and battling waves,
 Shaking the dreadful trident, rear'd aloft
 His awful brow,—sudden the furious winds
 Were hush'd in peace, the billows cease their rage:
 Or when (if mighty themes, like these, allow

A humble metaphor) the sportive race
 Of nibbling heroes, bent on wanton play,
 Beneath the shelter of some well-stor'd barn,
 In many an airy circle wheel around;
 Some eye, perchance, in private nook conceal'd,
 Beholds Grimalkin ; instant they disperse,
 In headlong flight, each to his secret cell,
 If haply he may 'scape impending fate.

Thus ceas'd the general clamour, all remain
 In silent terror wrapt and thought profound.

Meanwhile, the Pædagogue throughout the dome
 His fiery eyeballs, like two blazing stars,
 Portentous rolls, on some unthinking wretch
 To shed their baleful influence; whilst his voice,
 Like thunder or the cannon's sudden burst,
 Three times is heard, and thrice the roofs resound!
 A sudden paleness gathers in my face;
 Through all my limbs a stiff'ning horror spreads,
 Cold as the dews of death, nor heed my eyes
 Their wonted function, but, in stupid gaze,
 Ken the fell monster; from my trembling hands
 The thumb-worn volume drops; oh dire presage
 Of instant woe! for now the mighty sound,
 Pregnant with dismal tidings, once again
 Strikes my astonish'd ears. Transfix'd with awe,
 And senseless for a time, I stand; but soon,
 By friendly jog or neighbouring whisper rous'd,
 Obey the dire injunction; straight I loose
 Depending brogues, and to the awful stroke
 Of magisterial vengeance, daily gorg'd,

As Moloch erst, with infant tears and blood,
 With indignation bow:—Nor long delays
 The monarch; from his palacè stalking down,
 With visage all inflam'd, his sable robe
 Sweeping, in length'ning folds, along the ground,
 He shakes his sceptre, and th'impending scourge
 Brandishes high; nor tears nor shrieks avail;
 But with impetuous fury it descends,
 Imprinting horrid wounds, with fatal flow
 Of blood attended, and convulsive pangs.

Curst be the wretch, for ever doom'd to bear
 Infernal whippings, he whose savage hands
 First grasp'd these barb'rous weapons; bitter cause
 Of foul disgrace, and many a dolorous groan,
 To hapless SCHOOL-BOY.—Could it not suffice
 I groan'd and toil'd beneath the merciless weight
 By stern relentless tyranny impos'd;
 But scourges too, and cudgels, were reserv'd
 To goad my harrow'd sides; this wretched life
 Loading with heavier ills; a life expos'd
 To all the woes of hunger, toil, distress;
 Cut off from ev'ry genial source of bliss;
 From ev'ry bland amusement, wont to soothe
 The youthful breast—except when father Time,
 In joyful change, rolls round the festive hour
 That gives this meagre, pining figure, back
 To parent fondness, and its native roofs! —
 Fir'd with the thought, then, then my tow'ring soul.
 Rises superior to its load, and spurns
 Its proud oppressors; frantic with delight,
 My fancy riots in successive scenes

Of bliss and pleasures: plans and schemes are laid
 How best the fleeting moments to improve,
 Nor lose one portion of so rare a boon.

But soon, too soon, these glorious scenes are fled;
 Scarce one short moon enjoy'd (oh! transient state
 Of sublunary bliss,) by bitter change;
 And, other scenes succeeded, what fierce pangs
 Then rack my soul; what ceaseless floods of grief
 Rush down my cheeks, while strong convulsive throbs
 Heave all my frame, and choke the power of speech!
 Forlorn I sigh, nor heed the gentle voice
 Of friend or stranger, who, with soothing words
 And slender gift, would fain beguile my woes!
 In vain; for what can aught avail to soothe
 Such raging anguish! Oft, with sudden glance,
 Before my eyes, in all its horrors, glares
 That well-known form, and oft I seem to hear
 The thund'ring scourge.—Ah me! e'en now I feel
 Its deadly venom, raging as the pangs
 That tore Alcides, when the burning vest
 Prey'd on his wasted sides.—At length return'd
 Within these hated walls, again I mourn,
 A sullen pris'ner, till the wish'd approach
 Of joyous holyday, or festive play,
 Releases me: Ah! freedom that must end
 With thee, declining Sol; all hail, ye saints!
 Ye deathless martyrs! whose recorded names,
 In large conspicuous character pourtray'd,
 Adorn the annual chronologic page

Of WING or PARTRIDGE : * - oft, when sore oppress'd
 With dire calamities, the glad return
 Of your triumphant festivals hath cheer'd
 My drooping soul. Nor be thy name forgot,
 Illustrious GEORGE, for much to thee I owe
 Of heart-felt rapture, as, with loyal zeal
 Glowing, I pile the crackling bonfire high,
 Or hurl the mounting rocket through the air,
 Or fiery whizzing serpent; thus thy name
 Shall still be honour'd, as, through future years,
 The circling seasons roll their festive round.

Sometimes, by dire compulsive hunger press'd,
 I spring the neighb'ring fence, and scale the trunk
 Of apple-tree; or wide, o'er flow'ry lawns,
 By hedge or thicket, bend my hasty steps,
 Intent, with secret ambush, to surprise
 The straw-built nest, and unsuspecting brood
 Of thrush or bullfinch; oft, with watchful ken,
 Eyeing the backward lawns, lest hostile glance
 Observe my footsteps, while each rustling leaf,
 Stirr'd by the gentle gale, alarms my fears:
 Then, parch'd beneath the burning heats of noon,
 I plunge into the limpid stream, that laves
 The silent vale, or on its grassy banks,
 Beneath some oak's majestic shade, recline;
 Envyng the vagrant fishes, as they pass,
 Their boon of freedom; till the distant sound
 Of tolling curfew warns me to depart.

* Almanack-makers; Saints' days.

Thus, under tyrant power, I groan, oppress'd
 With worse than slavery; yet my free-born soul
 Her native warmth forgets not, nor will brook
 Menace or taunt from proud insulting peer;
 But summons to the field the doughty foe,
 In single combat, 'midst th'impartial throng,
 There to decide our fate. Oft, too, inflam'd
 With mutual rage, two rival armies meet
 Of youthful warriors; kindling at the sight,
 My soul is fir'd with vast heroic thoughts,
 Trusting, in martial glory, to surpass
 Roman or Grecian chief; instant, with shouts,
 The mingling squadrons join the horrid fray:
 No need of cannon, or the murd'rous steel,
 Wide-wasting; nature, rage, our arms supply.
 Fragments of rocks are hurl'd, and show'rs of stones
 Obscure the day; nor less the brawny arm,
 Of knotted club avail: high in the midst
 Are seen the mighty chiefs, through hosts of foes,
 Mowing their way; and now, with tenfold rage,
 The combat burns; full many a sanguine stream
 Distains the field, and many a vet'ran brave
 Lies prostrate; loud triumphant shouts ascend
 By turns from either host; each claims the palm
 Of glorious conquest; nor till night's dun shades
 Involve the sky the doubtful conflict ends.

Thus, when rebellion shook the thrones of heaven,
 And all th'eternal powers in battle met,
 High o'er the rest, with vast gigantic strides,
 The godlike leaders, on th'embattl'd plain,
 Came tow'ring, breathing forth revenge and fate;

M

Nor

Nor less terrific join'd th'inferior hosts
Of angel warriors, when encount'ring hills
Tore the rent concave ;—flashing with the blaze
Of fiery arms, and lightnings, not of Jove ;
All heaven resounded, and th'astonish'd deeps
Of Chaos bellow'd with the monstrous roar.

THE PROSPECT OF LIFE;

AN ODE.*

I.

THOU; in whose breast ambitious transports burn,
And ye, who waste the vigour of your age
In fruitless wishes to protract the date
Assigned to life, by unrelenting fate;
Ah from the scenes of splendid folly turn,
And mark her mirror in this faithful page.
What though, blind wretch, along her dang'rous tide,
Sportive, the thoughtless and the giddy glide;
Or, led by folly's meteor light astray,
Securely wanton round the verdant shore:
How are they swept by sudden fates away,
Or break like bubbles, and are heard no more!

* This ode was originally written in imitation of a Greek chorus. The gloomy solemnity of sentiment that pervades it was the result of a heavy domestic calamity, of the most afflicting kind, that befel me in early life, and went nearly to annihilate the little private fortune to which I was entitled. This circumstance is mentioned as an apology for the dark picture of despondency which it exhibits; as a view of the *sombre* side of things. It was my intention to have written a counterpart, and given the bright side of the question. I have not even yet, however, met with any very strong incentive to pourtray that bright side.

But if on fire the treacherous deep to dare,
 For rougher storms thy shatter'd bark prepare,
 When all thy boasted skill shall fail;
 For many a rock lurks unperceiv'd beneath,—
 And know,— CREATION teems with various death,
 With secret treasures of exhaustless woe,
 That o'er the dearest joys of man prevail,
 And crush the happiness of all below.

II.

Behold, the circling elements conspire
 To sweep the human victim to the tomb;
 Leagued to destroy, earth, ocean, air, and fire,
 With active violence, urge on his doom.
 Deeply convuls'd, with thunder's awful sound,
 See the cleft earth disclose her yawning womb,
 And overwhelm whole empires in the gulf profound!
 Eruptive, through the midnight air,
 Streams the fork'd lightning's baleful glare;
 Or steaming vapours, on sulphureous wing,
 The blasting pestilential sickness bring;
 Or rushing whirlwinds desolate the plain,
 Where Afric's barren waste expands,
 And caravans, with nations in their train,
 Promiscuous bury in the burning sands.
 But who shall ocean's countless wrecks rehearse,
 The myriads weltring on her stormy bed?
 Stupendous tomb of half the human race,
 That sleep unwept by one funereal verse,
 One mournful tear their obsequies to grace!

III.

If mighty empires into ruin hurl'd,
 If bleeding nature, and a ravag'd world,
 Appal with wild affright thy startled soul;
 Contract to humbler scenes thy narrow'd view,
 And, as the fleeting visions nearer roll,
 LIFE, and its shadows, to their close pursue!
 What, then, is LIFE — but one vast cheerless maze,
 Where toiling MAN, in error, darkling strays;
 Alternate sport of anxious hopes and fears,
 Now fir'd with transport, and now steep'd in tears!
 First let thine eye attentive scan
 What nameless woes his steps await,
 How black the storm of brooding fate,
 Ere circling years mature that man.
 Scarce has the frail inhabitant of clay,
 Midst toil and danger, struggled into day,
 Ere bursting screams aloud declare
 The wretched babe misfortune's destin'd heir.
 Oh! happiest he who falls her earliest prey;
 Whose cradle forms the spotless infant's grave,
 Whose swathing bands the envied shroud supply;
 But, should his tenderest years her fury brave,
 And fate *extinction*, her best boon, deny:
 Should no corroding canker-worm consume
 The infant bud, or blast the promis'd bloom,
 What brooding storms yet cloud the low'ring sky!
 And chief, if Genius, on her fiery plume,
 Bear his rapt thought beyond earth's bounded sphere,
 In rip'ning youth what cares distract his soul,
 How black, my CHATTERTON, the tempests roll.
 A thousand jealous furies hover near,

A thousand rav'ning passions ready stand,
 Each with a whip of scorpions in his hand !
 These, with united rage, his bosom sting,
 Blast all his hopes, and poison every spring
 Whence genuine rapture had begun to flow,
 And spread an universal blank of woe !
 While unassuag'd and piercing pains,
 The monstrous race of pestilent disease,
 Which med'cine vainly labours to appease,
 Infuriate, rush through all his throbbing veins,
 To madness every fever'd pulse inflame,
 And writhe with agony his tortur'd frame.
 Then visionary fears his soul affright ;
 He sinks in superstition's tenfold night :
 Or, raving wild with dreadful blasphemies,
 Bares the keen sabre, *curses God, and dies.*

IV.

Forbear, forbear the thrilling strain—

Your loudest notes, ye martial clarions, pour !
 Banish despair, and drown the shrieks of pain
 In sounding cymbals, and the battle's roar !
 Behold him, then, in life's meridian state,
 While all the syren pleasures round him wait.
 His cheeks with health and manly beauty glow,
 And valour frowns upon his dauntless brow :
 What though, inflam'd with glory's charms,
 He rushes at the trumpet's call to arms,
 And gains the shining plume of high renown ?
 Perhaps, her loftiest summit gain'd,
 With every bold, ambitious wish obtain'd,
 He triumphs in his foes o'erthrown,
 And boasts the splendours of a ravish'd crown :

. Yet

Yet soon the glitt'ring phantom flies,
 The widow's moan hath pierc'd the skies:
 Some fresh usurper rises to confound
 His tow'ring pride; and fortune's changeful frown
 Tumbles the victim of her vengeance down.
 But thus to triumph, thus to fall,
 Is not the guilty, glorious lot of all:
 Yet ev'ry breast with various passion burns,
 And the sad prospect still through LIFE returns.
 Does science court thee? ah the wish forego,
 For added knowledge is but added woe;
 Error and doubt distract the schoolman's mind,
 Happier, though humbler, rests th'untutor'd hind.
 In sensual joys you plunge, but plunge in vain,
 No heartfelt pleasures are to these allied;
 The festive board unseen diseases stain,
 And sorrow floats amidst the crimson tide.
 Does beauty fire thee? know, that sickliest flower
 Blooms and expires, the produce of an hour!
 Bright, but to perish! blooming, but to fade!
 The loveliest cheek that ever wak'd desire,
 The brightest eye must soon its charms resign;
 Resign at once their lustre and their fire,
 And hide their glories in eternal shade!

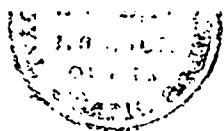
V.

But say, do baser transports warm thy soul,
 Ambitious still to swell thy shining store,
 And, mines exhausted, yet athirst for more?
 Take then the utmost wish that soul can frame;

For

For thee, her pleasures let Pactolus roll,
 For thee, the diamonds of Golconda flame :
 Yet oh ! when death shall lift the threaten'd dart,
 When keen remorse, for all the victims slain,
 To satiate thy unbounded thirst for gain,
 Plunges her fiery talons in thy heart ;
 Will these remorseless Proserpine assuage,
 Will these allay the bosom fury's rage ?
 Ah ! why the catalogue of ills prolong,
 And swell with complicated woes the song ?
 Recount those darker moments of despair,
 When all the passions, fierce and unconfined,
 Rush with the tempest's fury on the mind,
 And reason, headlong, from her station bear :
 When poverty, to ev'ry other pang
 Adds her keen edge — presents an infant train,
 Who, with imploring eyes, around thee hang,
 And raise their suppliant plaints for bread in vain :
 Stern fate, perhaps, determin'd to destroy
 All that was precious, all thou wish'd to save,
 And crush at once the source of ev'ry joy —
 Blasts the young consort blooming in thy arms,
 Nips in the bud a daughter's op'ning charms,
 Or gives thy bosom friend to an untimely grave,
 Then, ev'ry source of genuine comfort dead,
 Youth's fire extinct, and manhood's vigour fled,
 To close the dreary scene, enfeebling age,
 With fault'ring foot and furrow'd front, appears,
 Jealous, mistrustful, impotent, oppress'd
 With never-ceasing doubts and groundless fears,
 Without one hope to warm the languid breast,
 Thy toil to soften, or thy grief assuage.

The pow'rs of memory fail ; the balls of sight,
 " With dim suffusion veil'd," no more retain
 Their sparkling beams, but shed a doubtful light.
 No more the deafen'd ears can drink the sound
 Of plaintive lute or softly warbling lyre :
 The nervous arms no longer dart around
 The brandish'd jav'lin or avenging fire.
 Fall'n is their boasted might, and nought remains,
 As life's last remnant moments tedious flow,
 But black reserves of unexhausted pains,
 And sad successive scenes of length'ning woe !



TO SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

WHILE Britain's lofty bards his thoughts engage,
Will JOHNSON smile on this ignobler page?
From thee her flame my infant fancy caught,
The tow'ring spirit, and the burning thought;
Learn'd, by thy light, her steady course to guide,
Tempt the rough shore, and brave the deep'ning tide.

What equal tribute shall the muse prepare;
What heights of rapid song unusual dare?
But, when her hand hath swept the loftiest wires,
Above her boldest flight thy praise aspires:
The wise, the virtuous, venerate thy name;
This is thy praise, and this the noblest fame.

Oh, truly great! whose generous, active mind
Scorns ev'ry labour but to bless mankind!
Thine the high task a nation to reform,
The rising race with virtuous hopes to warm;
With folly's sons eternal war to wage,
And lash the crimes of an abandon'd age.

Beset with ills, oppress'd by nameless woes,
 Superior to their rage, thy genius rose :
 Unable these to crush thy great design,
 To damp thy piety, thy thoughts confine !
 Sublime in native worth, thy soul looks down,
 Regardless if the million smile or frown.

By thee refin'd, to full perfection brought,
 We rival Greece in language, as in thought ;
 Genius soars bolder, fancy brighter shines,
 And manlier vigour animates our lines.
 Let blockheads rail, whose precepts, wisely, teach
 To call *obscure* what dulness cannot reach :
 Thy labour'd volume claims our noblest praise,
 That loftier sense in loftier sound conveys :
 How sweet, how strong, the polish'd periods roll,
 With thoughts that rouse, transport, convince, the soul.
 But are there some, the steady foes of worth,
 Still prompt to give the embryo falsehood birth,
 Who strive to blacken thy illustrious name,
 By each mean art that dark revenge can frame ;*
 Attack the firmness of an honest heart,
 That scorns, alike, the knave's or villain's part ;
 Faction's base sons, who principle disdain,
 Or know no principle but that of gain ?
 If such there are, ev'n these thou canst despise,
 Ev'n these thy fix'd integrity defies :
 Thy fame shall flourish while their memories rot,
 Their rage, their writings, like their names, forgot.

* Alluding to the malignant attacks of some political opponents of Dr. Johnson, which appeared about this time.

What bold ambitious hopes my bosom warm,
Oft as my eyes behold thy honour'd form ;
While all the labours of thy life I trace,
The pride, the boast, of Britain's letter'd race !
Thy mind, retaining still her wonted fires,
With added years, increasing strength acquires :
Vig'rous as when to JUVENAL's manly page
Thy muse, congenial, gave rekindled rage.
But thy ambition boasts a nobler aim
Than man's applauses, and the bubble — fame ;
Anxious to gain, and eager to secure,
That brighter meed to patient virtue sure ;
Thine are the joys that animate the just,
And lift the soul above its kindred dust :
Ev'n here, the dazzling scenes entrance thy sight;
While conscience gives a seraph's pure delight.

TO SIR WILLIAM JONES,

ON THE FIRST PUBLICATION OF HIS
ASIATIC POEMS,

WHITHER does Fancy stretch her rapid wing,
Through what new regions of serener spring?
My ravish'd sense an op'ning Eden greets,
A waste of treasures, and a wild of sweets —
Entranc'd, I seem through fairy bowr's to stray,
Where scatter'd rubies pave the spangled way;
Transparent walks, with polish'd sapphires bright,
And fountains * sparkling with ambrosial light.

A sweeter lyre no eastern swain hath strung,
More softly warbled, or more boldly sung;
Whether, great Bard, thy vigorous muse rehearse
SOLIMA's deathless praise, in deathless verse;
Or, tun'd to grief, the melting numbers move,
Breathing the softest tales of plaintive love: -

* Alluding to the beautiful allegorical Poem of the Seven Fountains.

Tender

Tender as PETRARCH's, flows th' impassion'd line,
Nor VIDA boasts a chaster page than thine.

Yet not that Britain's laurels round thy head,
And Arab's palms; with rival lustre spread,
For this I sing — but that, with fix'd disdain,
Thy Roman soul refus'd the flatterer's strain;
And dar'd prefer (unvers'd in courtly guile)
Virtue's just praise beyond a monarch's smile.*

* See the Preface to Nadir Shah, towards the conclusion.

TO THE LORD BISHOP OF DROMORE;

ON ANCIENT MINSTRELSY.

FROM OXFORD.

FROM classic plains, where science loves to dwell,
Sooth'd with the warblings of her Attic shell;
From bowers, where patriots, sages, kings, have stray'd,
With wisdom musing, in the laurel shade;
PERCY, the humblest of the minstrel throng,
Wakes the wild harp, and pours the votive song.

Hither the muse thy favour'd footstep led,
And wreath'd a chaplet round thy youthful head:
Here bade thy soul, with daring search, explore
The rich, exhaustless mines of ancient lore;
Reach the bold flights of PLATO's fire-clad thought,
And scan the truths his greater master taught —
Wisest of men, whose firm unshaken soul
Beheld, without dismay, the deadly bowl,
Nor could ungrateful Athens blast a name
That shines, at once, her glory and her shame. —
Here fancy saw her boldest patriot rise,
Fate in his voice, and light'ning in his eyes,

The

The foes of Greece and freedom to confound,
 And dash the pride of PHILIP to the ground :
 Or warm'd thee with the sound of TULLY's tongue,
 On which admiring Rome with rapture hung ;
 Taught thee what strains the Theban roll'd along,
 And all the sweets of MARO's polish'd song.

Of, midst these kindred glades, thy mind might trace
 The mystic page of Mona's ancient race :
 Whom, trembling through her forest's inmost gloom,
 She pour'd, by midnight, from her cavern'd womb ;
 Prophets, whose eyes the depths of fate could pierce,
 Who burst the bands of death with magic verse :
 And those of later day, with rage sublime,
 Who smote the harp, and rous'd the soul of rhyme ;
 Whose martial strains rehears'd the toils of fight,
 And warm'd the heart of many a hardy knight :
 How, like a rock, each lion-chieftain stood,
 Or urg'd his panting steed through seas of hostile blood.

Methinks I see, where Alnwick's turrets hoar
 Darken that flood, so often stain'd with gore,
 A thousand heroes fill the spacious hall,
 And helms and lances hang the frowning wall.
 Full in the centre of the warlike band,
 I see a chief of bolder visage stand ;
 With keener flames his glist'ning eye-balls shine,
 And his port marks him of the PERCY line : —
 The song begins ; the minstrels sweep the string,
 And the high roofs with martial clangours ring :
 Of tournament they sing, and tented plain,
 A PERCY victor, or a DOUGLAS slain,

Or

Or ARTHUR's feats, in daring lays, rehearse,
 Or EDWARD's conquests swell the mighty verse ;
 The sounds, like light'ning, pierce each warrior's soul,
 And life's warm tides in brisker currents roll ;
 Their spears they shake, and clash the burnish'd shield,
 And ride triumphant ere they reach the field. —

Bold were the notes, and kings approv'd the song,
 Like those who heard, unpolish'd, rough, and strong ;
 But could not o'er the arm of death prevail,
 When all the pow'rs of song and music fail:
 Time, with oblivious hand, defac'd the page,
 And Virtue only triumph'd o'er his rage :
 Their rugged numbers we no more admire,
 Yet, though their language fails, their raptures fire.
 PERCY, 'twas thine to cull each nobler lay,
 And give new verdure to the with'ring bay ;
 The blooms of infant genius to restore,
 Teach them to spread, and bid them fade no more —
 For, long as genuine passion sways the heart,
 And nature's painting shames the strokes of art,
 Britain shall love the strain that sings so well,
 How her bold ancient heroes fought and fell :
 Her rising offspring kindle as they read,
 And burn, like them, to conquer or to bleed. —

ODE TO THE MOON.

BY AN ARABIAN LOVER.

Addressed to STELLA.

CYNTHIA, fair regent of yon azure space,
Seize thy bright reins, and chase the ling'ring gloom;
Darkling, I haste to STELLA's lov'd embrace,
Whose lips are roses, and whose breath perfume.

As through the boundless wilderness I rove,
Beneath this robe no murd'rous falchion gleams,
To stain with blood this unpolluted grove,
And blot the brightness of thy virgin beams!

Ah no! where dwells thy influence, mighty Love,
No savage thoughts, like these, the breast invade;
Thou canst to pity the wild Arab move,
And wrest from his fierce grasp th' uplifted blade.

This bosom beats not with impure alarms,
But burns with fires as bright, as chaste, as thine;
I pant to fold her in my bridal arms,
Loose her light vest, and call perfection mine.

STELLA

STELLA, SICK.

YE guardian spirits who protect the fair,
And virtue; youth, and beauty, make your care,
Oh! haste, propitious haste, on halcyon wing,
And with you Health's exhaustless treasures bring;
Bring ev'ry balmy herb that spring bestows,
Or midst the yellow stores of autumn glows;
Bring all the healing gums that Afric yields,
All the rich treasures of Arabian fields;
Whatever may allay the fever's rage,
And lovely STELLA's ling'ring pangs assuage,
Around yon couch, in rich profusion, pour,
And bid her drooping consort grieve no more!

Thou tyrant, Pain, the scourge of human kind,
To humble Pride's presumptuous race design'd,
That steal'st from beauty's eye the radiant fire,
And bids the crimson on her cheek expire —
Hence! — and to vice thy torturing rage restrain,
But bow not virtue with thy iron reign!
Let Dissipation's daughters feel thy pow'r,
Who, in mad revel, waste the midnight hour;

But let not spotless worth, domestic love,
 The destin'd objects of thy vengeance prove.
 Yet know, grim fiend, my STELLA has a soul
 That tow'rs superior to thy stern controul;
 With resignation arm'd, with virtue fraught,
 Above this orb she lifts her soaring thought;
 On earth one object shares her ardent love,
Her purer flame is fix'd, and glows above.

EPITAPH ON STELLA.

SERENELY bright, in bridal smiles array'd,
The purple spring its blossom'd sweets display'd ;
While raptur'd fancy saw full many a year,
In bliss revolving, urge its gay career. —
But ah ! how deep a gloom the skies o'erspread ;
How swift the dear delusive vision fled !
Disease and pain the ling'ring hours consume,
And secret feed on youth's corroded bloom.
Ceas'd are the songs that fill'd the nuptial grove,
The dance of pleasure in the bow'r of love —
For Hymen's lamp funereal torches glare,
And mournful dirges rend the midnight air !
Oh ! thou whose cheek, the rival of the rose,
With all the flush of vernal beauty glows ;
Whose pulses high with youthful vigour bound,
The brightest fair in fashion's mazy round,
Approach, with awe, the mansions of the dead,
And, as the grave's drear bourn thy footsteps tread,
Mark — 'midst these ravages of fate and time —
Where worth lies buried in its loveliest prime ;

Where

Where youth's extinguish'd fires no longer burn,
 And beauty slumbers in the mould'ring urn!
 Oh! pause—and, bending o'er fair STELLA's tomb,
 Mourn *her* hard lot, and read thy future doom!
 Soft lie the sod that shields, from wint'ry rains
 And blasting winds, my STELLA's lov'd remains:
 May angels guard the consecrated ground,
 And flowers, as lovelily, bloom for ever round!
 Meek suff'rer—who, by nameless woes oppress'd,
 The patience of th'expiring lamb possess'd,
 When, many a tedious moon thy fever'd veins
 Throbb'd with the raging hectic's fiery pains,
 Nor heav'd a sigh—save that alone which bore
 Triumphant virtue to a happier shore—
 STELLA, whose streaming eye ne'er ceas'd to flow
 When sorrow pour'd the plaint of genuine woe,
 Whose mind was pure as that unsullied ray
 That beams from heav'n, and lights the orb of day,
 Sweet be thy slumbers on this mossy bed,
 Till the last trump shall rouse the sleeping dead;
 Then, having nought from that dread blast to fear
 Whose echo shall convulse the trembling sphere,
 In fairer beauty wake—a heav'nly bride,
 And rise an ANGEL, who a MARTYR died.

TO RICHARD WESTALL, ESQ.

ON HIS BEAUTIFUL PAINTINGS IN THE EXHIBITION
FOR THE YEAR 1800.

O THOU, from whose energetic pencil flows
All that in science charms or nature glows!
WESTALL, from one who burns with kindred fires,
Accept the verse thy matchless art inspires.

True GENIUS, lighted at the solar ray,
O'er the bright canvass pours a second day:
Collected in one strong effulgent stream,
On thine the *rainbow's* vivid glories beam !*
The richest tints that ever deck'd the sky,
The sweetest flowers that ever charm'd the eye,
Fruits lovelier far than, in the tropic blaze,
Drink deep the ardent sun's maturing rays,
Breathe in thy master pencils brilliant lines,
Where all the fire of daring genius shines;
No brighter *bower* have Eastern climes survey'd,
Nor lovelier beauty in its fragrant shade.

* No. 162. The bower of Pan, as described by Milton.

Th'historic

Th'historic Muse* unfolds her awful page,
 Sublimely bold the pictur'd passions rage :
 The royal dame in Alfred's infant soul
 Bids the hot tide of kindling valour roll ;
 And while her lips, in high heroic verse,
 His martial ancestors' proud deeds rehearse,
 See in his dauntless ardent looks confess'd
 The storm that agitates his boiling breast ;
 The lightnings from his brilliant eye that break,
 The crimson flush revenge and glory wake.
 On fire, his soul drinks in the wond'rous tale,
 He seems already cloth'd in radiant mail ;
 He grasps the pond'rous spear, the blazon'd shield,
 And stalks triumphant o'er th'ensanguin'd field.

Darken'd with crimes,† and bath'd in royal blood,
 That round him flows a mighty crimson flood ;
 For what new victim to his boundless lust
 Of tyrant sway, does rav'ning Richard thirst?
 Too well those tear-swoln eyes, Imperial Fair,
 The fears that shake thy inmost soul declare ;
 Too well those features,—with distraction wild,
 While to thy bosom clings the *martyr child* !

* No. 423. Queen Judith reciting to Alfred the Great, when a child, the songs of the bards, describing the heroic deeds of his ancestors.

† No. 429. Cardinal Bouchier, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Rotherham, Archbishop of York, endeavouring to persuade the Queen, Elizabeth Grey, to suffer her son, the duke of York, to leave the sanctuary of Westminster, whither she had fled, with her family, from the power of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

Oh!

Oh! from that hallow'd shrine, where angels bend,
 And, with expanded wings, the place defend,
 Let not thy charge those holy ruffians tear,
 And to the grim devouring tiger bear.—
 She yields,—the ruthless harpies seize their prey;
 To dungeon glooms his tender limbs convey;
 His screams resound o'er Thames' affrighted wave,
 And in its bed he finds a watery grave!

From scenes of blood, where brooding horror reigns,
 The Muse enraptur'd seeks the distant plains,*
 Where Health and Peace with village-swains reside,
 And sweet the hours in rural pastimes glide.
 Again thy pencil wakes the vivid dyes,
 In all her charms bids vernal Nature rise;
 Again the flow'rs their golden hue resume,
 Again the fruits with purple radiance bloom,
 Again the woods, the vales, the mountains, glow,
 And Rubens' rainbow-tints unbounded flow.
 What bold expressive lines, — what manly grace,
 Adorn that honest peasant's ruddy face,
 Who, half exhausted thro' the sultry day,
 In the mild light of Phœbus' setting ray,
 Exulting, to his homely cot returns,
 While all the father in his bosom burns!
 What heart-felt joys his blooming consort fill,
 His lovely babe what infant raptures thrill,
 As, gazing on her mother's rustic charms,
 Round the dear child he glues his clasping arms!

* No. 67. The peasant's return to his family in the evening.

Through Nature's bounds, beneath the pole or line,
 Wherever oceans roll or planets shine,
 No nobler object views applauding Jove,
 More pure, more dignified, than *wedded love* ;
 And yonder cot more solid joy displays
 Than palaces which gold and gems emblaze !

This tribute, WESTALL, to thy *varied* powers,
 To Genius that so *early*, — nobly, — towers,
 Is Britain's voice ; — and all, who feel its flame,
 Gaze with delight, and glory in thy fame.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE FRENCH HARP OF A
YOUNG LADY.

MELODIOUS HARP ! whose sounds symphonious
move

The sense to rapture and the soul to love,
Though form'd on rival GAUL's perfidious shore,
To thee these tributary strains I pour.

'Tis not thy burnish'd gold that charms my sight,
'Tis not thy polish'd frame, so dazzling bright ;
Not these, sweet harp ! but *envy*, bids me sing,
As yon chaste Minstrel sweeps thy varied string ;
With beauteous arms, enamour'd, clasps thee round,
And pours her soul in union with thy sound !

Say, for thou hast a *lovely voice*,— Oh ! say,
As o'er thy rapid wires her fingers stray,
Proud by such worth and beauty to be prest,
As Orpheus' pow'r the dancing *trees* confess'd,

Does not the touch tumultuous joys excite,
 Does not each fibre vibrate with delight ?
 While the enraptur'd audience catch the flame,
 And Love's and Music's blended pow'r proclaim

Apollo once, 'tis said, for Daphne burn'd,
 And to a *tree* the beauteous maid was turn'd :
 If such proud honours wait the sylvan race,
 Who would not, joyful, Daphne's fate embrace ;
 If fallen *trees* to such distinction rise,
 Oh ! let my wide-spread branches fill the skies ;
 Carved into polish'd harp, or warbling lyre,
 Then might I still the virgin-bosom fire ;
 In being's *humblest form* well-pleased to share
 The fond caresses of the virtuous fair !

EPITAPH ON JOHN MIERS LETTSOM, M.D.

WHO DIED IN THE TWENTY-EIGHTH YEAR
OF HIS AGE.

On virtuous LETTSOM, in his manly bloom,
Resistless, death's eternal shades descend :
While kindred love and friendship round his tomb,
In speechless agony, distracted bend !

Ah ! what avails, above the vulgar throng,
To rise in genius or in worth to soar ;
Impetuous rolls the stream of time along,
The bubble bursts, and LIFE's gay dream is o'er !

In ev'ry stage of varying life approved,
And still of toiling want the constant friend,
He pass'd his transient day, — admir'd, — beloved ; —
ALL prais'd him living, ALL bemoan his end !

From heav'ns high throne th'Almighty Sire look'd down,
Well pleas'd to view such worth *below the skies* ;
He saw him ripe for an immortal crown,
And bade his soul quit *earth* for PARADISE.

ON

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. ELLIOT,

WIFE OF DR ELLIOT, AND SISTER TO THE ABOVE.

AND must I to the Grave's dark bourn return,
To pour new sorrows o'er th'untimely urn !
Must I, a *Brother's* ashes scarcely cold,
Close by his side a *Sister's* Corpse behold ! —
The beauteous ELLIOT ! in whose spotless mind
The loveliest virtues of her sex combin'd.
For ever must a Parent's harrow'd soul
Hear the dire death-bell o'er his offspring toll ;
In streams incessant must the gushing tear
Bathe, while it consecrates, the filial bier !
Must he, whose skill retards the wretch's doom,
And snatches thousands from the yawning tomb,
View baffled each fond anxious hope to save,
And all he loves swept headlong to the grave !
Is this, all-righteous Heav'n ! the brilliant meed
To Virtue's toiling sons on earth decreed ?
The high reward for many an Orphan rear'd,
The widow cherish'd, and the stranger chear'd ! —

But

But, oh ! my soul, these impious plaints forbear,
 Nor chaunt the gloomy dirge of deep despair.
 Though hard the task with rip'ning Worth to part,
 Though buried Beauty *rive* the bleeding heart,
 Yet let not rebel man reproach his God,
 But prostrate bend, and kiss the chast'ning rod ! —
 The stroke that bids *our* hearts with grief o'erflow,
 Bids *their* freed souls with joys immortal glow ;
 Bids them to Being's boundless source return,
 With Saints to mingle, and with Seraphs burn !

F I N I S.

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